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Saturday Review

July 24, 1976

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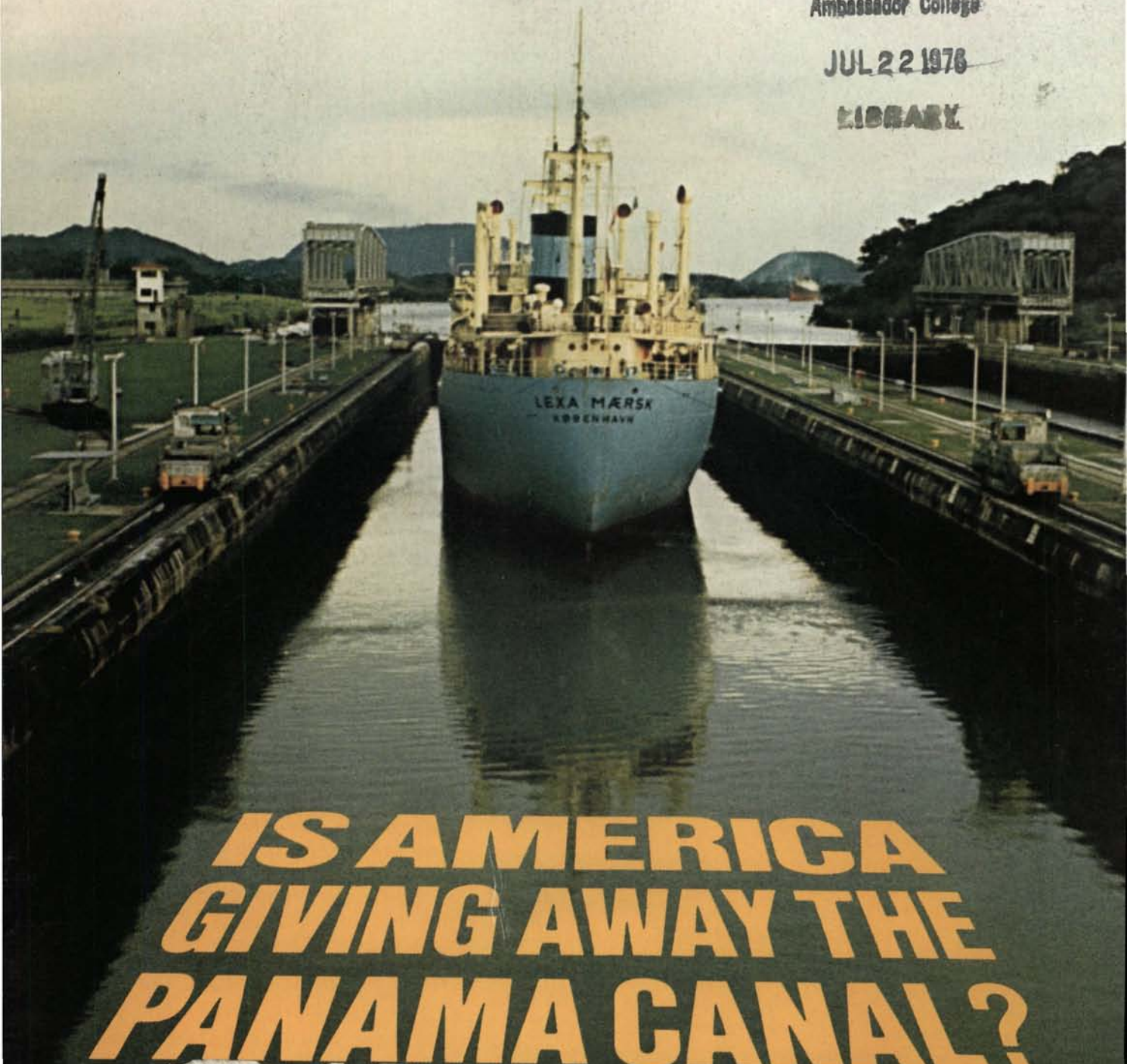

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We know you never lose your taste for quality.

At the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company we've been improving the skills of brewing for over a century.

We're very proud of our achievements. And we feel it's important for you to know that our care in brewing is the guarantee of perfection in every one of our brews.

Today more than 250 quality assurance checks must be made before our beer is considered right for your enjoyment.

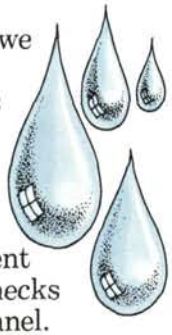
Nature's purest water isn't pure enough for us.

No matter what you hear about "naturally pure" waters, the fact is that virtually all brewers filter and further purify their brewing water.

But at Schlitz we don't stop there.

You see, we know that water character affects beer taste. Water for lager brewing must be free of impurities. Its composition must be precisely controlled.

So at each of our breweries, we take the best available water and put it through what we believe is the most sophisticated water purifying process of any brewer in the world.



Our water is tested daily at each brewery, and samples are sent to Milwaukee for further taste checks by the brewmaster's taste-test panel.

When we get through with it, our water is purer than the purest springwater.

The secret of superior flavor: A special blend of barleys.

Most brewers use six-row barley in the brewing process. Schlitz believes that superior beer flavor results when you combine the more costly Firlbeck III and Klages barleys with the standard six-row varieties. Just the right amount of each.

We're very picky about the quality of our barley. From the time our master brewers go into the barley fields until the time for brewing, the barley is repeatedly tested for quality factors such as moisture, texture, and uniformity. We accept only bright, clean, sound barley.

Our hops stay harvest fresh.

At Schlitz, we don't stop at selecting the finest hops. Every brewer uses hops all year around. But we know you've got to keep them so fresh and green that one sniff lets you imagine them growing in the fields.

That's why our hops are compressed, vacuum-packed and kept refrigerated. Right up to the time they're added to the brew.

The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company wants the whole, original goodness of the hops every day of the year. So you can enjoy their flavor in every ounce of beer we brew.

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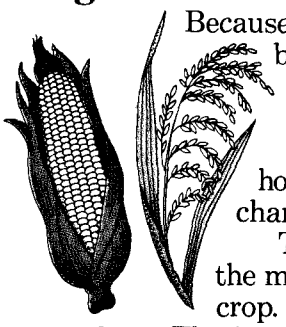
Only the finest grains lighten the brew.

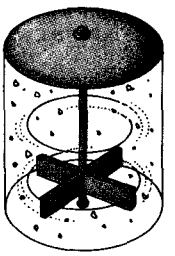


Because Americans like a light beer, American brewers use rice or corn to lighten the flavor of their brews.

But at Schlitz, we know how to use either grain, interchangeably.

That means we're never at the mercy of an unfavorable crop. And neither is the flavor of our brew. That's something you can count on.

Accurate Balanced Fermentation guarantees consistent quality. It's ours alone.



Beer is produced by yeast fermentation. For centuries brewmasters have simply added yeast to the vat, and assumed it would distribute itself evenly. It doesn't.

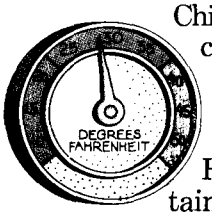
In fact, this fermentation-by-gravity method sometimes results in "off" tastes. It just isn't totally reliable.

So after years of studying the problem, our brewmasters developed a way to keep the yeast distributed evenly. The brew is now gently agitated, allowing the yeast to work evenly throughout.

We're the only brewer in America with Accurate Balanced Fermentation. And it gives our brews a consistent quality just not found in other beers.

Schlitz brews are Chill-Lagered for clarity.

After fermentation, we age our brews in our Chill-Lagering cellars. This process creates the brilliancy and sparkle in all Schlitz beers. The key is in cooling the brew to 29.5 degrees Fahrenheit and maintaining cold temperatures throughout,



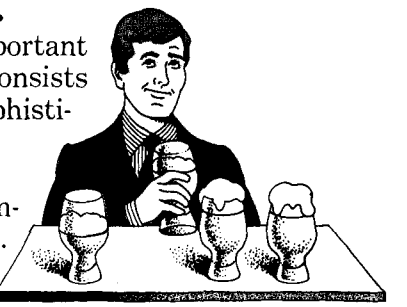
because even slight variances can affect the clarity and sparkle of our beers.

The Mini-Brewery points the way to better quality.

Schlitz has constructed and maintains a "mini-brewery" which duplicates the processes of our larger breweries. And that lets us pre-test the ingredients that go into Schlitz brews.

For instance, we brew a "test batch" before we accept any new variety of barley. If that test batch isn't perfect, we won't use the ingredients.

The final test for perfect flavor: our professional taste-test panel.



Perhaps our most important quality control step consists of a group of very sophisticated palates.

The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company employs 54 taste testers. To qualify for the job, each must pass a difficult taste test. Then re-qualify each year. None of these testers, including our vice-president for brewing, may skip the test.

This panel of experts is a vital link to our beer drinkers everywhere. Their evaluations of our beer, and comparisons with our competitors, are our most important check on quality. Because whatever pains we take, however much we care, it's the flavor of our brews alone that carries our strongest claim of quality.

That's why we've never stopped trying to improve our beers. We want to continue brewing up to our name. Brewing beer with a flavor we can take a pride in. A taste you can savor. Because we know you never lose your taste for quality.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.

A world of care in brewing.

Brewers of Schlitz, Schlitz Light Beer,
Old Milwaukee, Primo and Schlitz Malt Liquor.

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Editorial

Harm Through Mercy?

"A society begins to run down when computations obscure compassion"

LAST year, we commented in this space on the "lifeboat ethics" analogy Professor Garrett Hardin used to support his argument against sending food to the hungry people of overcrowded nations. Professor Hardin reminded us that the survivors in a crowded lifeboat are justified in beating back all those who are struggling to climb aboard. In a world filled to overflowing, he said, sending food to starving people would serve only to overtax the world's capacity to sustain human life.

Now Professor Hardin has written a new article in the scholarly journal *Soundings,* in which he contends that supplying hungry people with food is just as bad for them as it is for the rest of the world.

He cites India as an example and asks, "How can we harm India—*really* harm her? . . . Something that will really make India suffer, not merely for a day or a week, but on and on and on?"

He answers the question: send India a bounty of food—say 80 million tons of grain annually—year after year.

How would this harm India?

First of all, he says, it would give the Indian people the luxury of diversifying their diets, with the result that they would devote valuable pastureland to feed for livestock in order to satisfy their enlarged appetite for meat. This would have the effect of increasing protein in their daily diet. He predicts that Hindus would eat more chicken and pork and Moslems would eat more beef.

Professor Hardin apparently is unaware that Hindus do not eat pork. In any case, he argues that an increase of protein in the diet of the Indian people would enable them to work harder and longer. Ordinarily, one might regard such a development in positive terms, but Professor Hardin sees it as bad news. He believes it would create more unemployment, since fewer people would be required to do the same amount of work.

Improving the nutrition of the Indian people would, of course, improve their health and enable them to do more work, but it is absurd to use this as an argument against good nutrition. Similarly, his assertion that proper nutrition promotes unemployment is an economic fallacy that he uses to negate moral purpose.

A similar misapplication of logic is evident in Professor Hardin's argument that there is no point in sending food to the Indian people because of inferior storage and transportation facilities. He believes that rats would be the principal beneficiaries. Yet the fact of inadequate storage and transportation facilities is no argument for withholding food from starving people. Rather, it is an argument for utilizing the kinds of emergency procedures that have already proved effective in mounting massive relief efforts elsewhere.

Professor Hardin might object to this line of criticism by saying that his article in *Soundings* specifically emphasizes that it is folly to send *only* food. It is also necessary, he says, to make a "matching gift of energy." Having defined the conditions under which sending food is defensible, Professor Hardin immediately defeats this proposition by saying it would be an even greater mistake to send India energy than it would be to send food. His reasoning is that once the nutritional level of the Indian people is raised, they will wrest more energy from the world's environment. And the world can barely meet its existing energy needs without having to contend with additional demands from India. He points to America as an example of what happens when a people are able to indulge their appetites: they devour energy as well as food at a fearsome rate—some sixty times greater than that of Indians.

This would seem to indicate that Professor Hardin's complaint should be directed against Americans rather than against Indians, for it means that 250 million Americans are using up far more energy than the two billion human beings in overcrowded parts of the world.

NEAR the beginning of his article, Professor Hardin says, "We cannot deal adequately with ethical questions if we ignore quantitative matters." What he has demonstrated in this article is the ease with which preoccupation with quantification can intimidate the human intelligence and destroy our capacity for attacking great human problems.

Statistics become the ready means for depersonalizing human tragedy. A society begins to run down when computations obscure compassion and numbers become more important than faces.

No, there can be no answer to any human problem that denies the instinct for human response. Evolution is characterized not just by the phenomenon of adaptation but by the recognition of moral imperatives. Increasingly, people have a sense of belonging to a total human organism. They no longer confine themselves to issues bearing on the survival of the tribe; they know they are confronted with issues bearing on the survival of the species.

No quantitative arguments that Professor Hardin can advance will persuade people that it is right to let their fellow human beings starve. In the end Professor Hardin's crusade, if it is a crusade, is a waste of time. Neither he nor anyone else knows enough to say that the only solution to overcrowding is to let famine go unattended. The search for answers requires a combination of scientific intelligence and moral imagination.

It is unscientific and unrealistic to believe that men who have solved the problem of leaping across space to inspect the face of Mars lack the wit to create vital balances on earth. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

World War II Cover-up

After reading Michi Weglyn's *Years of Infamy*, I have to take the strongest exception to the review of this book by Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer ["In Our Own Backyard," May 15].

It seems to me a serious error when Dr. Reischauer suggests the book's subtitle, "The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps," is inaccurate. . . .

Years of Infamy is the first serious study of the *whys* of America's concentration camps. From once-suppressed and then long-forgotten government records, *Years of Infamy* documents what would appear to be a criminal conspiracy—I can think of no less serious term —on the part of our nation's highest civilian and military officials during the World War II years.

The imprisonment of more than 110,000 alien Japanese—then ineligible for citizenship —and Japanese-Americans was at the time explained as a matter of military necessity, since it was supposedly known that some were loyal to Japan and a danger to this country and that there was no way to tell which might be dangerous.

In *Years of Infamy* we learn for the first time of the Munson Report, commissioned by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and delivered to him a month before the attack on Pearl Harbor, which stated that in the event of a war with Japan, which was expected at any time, there would be no danger from either the Japanese or the Japanese-Americans in this country.

The Munson Report was, and until *Years of Infamy* remained, the best-kept secret of World War II. . . .

Phil Jordan
Sacramento, Calif.

On the Search for Heroes

John Neary's host, Norris Bradbury, was almost right in asserting that the question "Who is the greatest living American?" has no meaning ["Outlook: Where Have All Our Heroes Gone?" May 15].

The question is built on two doubtful premises: First, that this country has had a Greatest Living American (GLA) in most other times and, second, that a GLA is good to have.

With rare exceptions, great figures can be recognized only in retrospect. Today there would probably be overwhelming agreement that the GLA in 1863 was President Lincoln, but no such unanimity would have been found at the time; Lincoln was by no means universally admired by his contemporaries. Horace Greeley, for example, might well have outpolled him in a GLA sweepstakes. And it works the other way, too. . . . Only now are people generally beginning to remember the tarnish that had spread over John Kennedy's luster in the months before his death.

But much more important is the question whether we should even *want* a GLA. This is, after all, a democracy, a working association of men and women governing themselves with at least an attempt at universal equality. . . .

The desire for a GLA implies a desire to idolize, and idolatory can get a democracy into a lot of trouble. I, for one, am relieved at the answers Neary has got to his question.

Victor H. Lane
Katonah, N.Y.

Self-Serving Memoirs

According to Max Lerner ["Writing 'Hot History,' " May 29], we won't know the truth about the maneuvering until we have the memoirs of Haldeman et al., including Nixon himself. Until then Nixon and his cohorts remain targets, not subjects.

Not necessarily defending Woodward and Bernstein's investigative journalism in *The Final Days*, I would remind Lerner that the Nixon administration had front-and-center journalistic coverage for some five years. Nixon has not reported to the American public since his pardon. Can we expect any but a self-serving statement when and if he does tell his story?

Robert G. Hirschi
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Puzzling Problems

In regard to Literary Crypt No. 59 (May 29): QNYW NMLFQ HZJQNWGJ! DLF JCLFYR NYSNDJ TPLLBPGNR DLFP XPDTQLVPNHJ.

Answer: Tark about mistakes! You shourd arways plooflead youl clyptoglams.

Hallie Kirschner
Madison, Wis.

Editor's Note: We extend our apologies to all those who wrestled with Literary Crypt No. 59 for naught, and are likewise penitent for an error in Double-Crostic No. 100 (June 12): "199S" in the diagram should have been "199P." The only rule that seems to have been followed is that mistakes come in threes—the last of our trio was failing to print the answer to Literary Crypt No. 61 (June 26). The answer is: *"If some great catastrophe is not announced every morning, we feel a certain void. 'Nothing in the paper today,' we sigh."—Paul Valéry*

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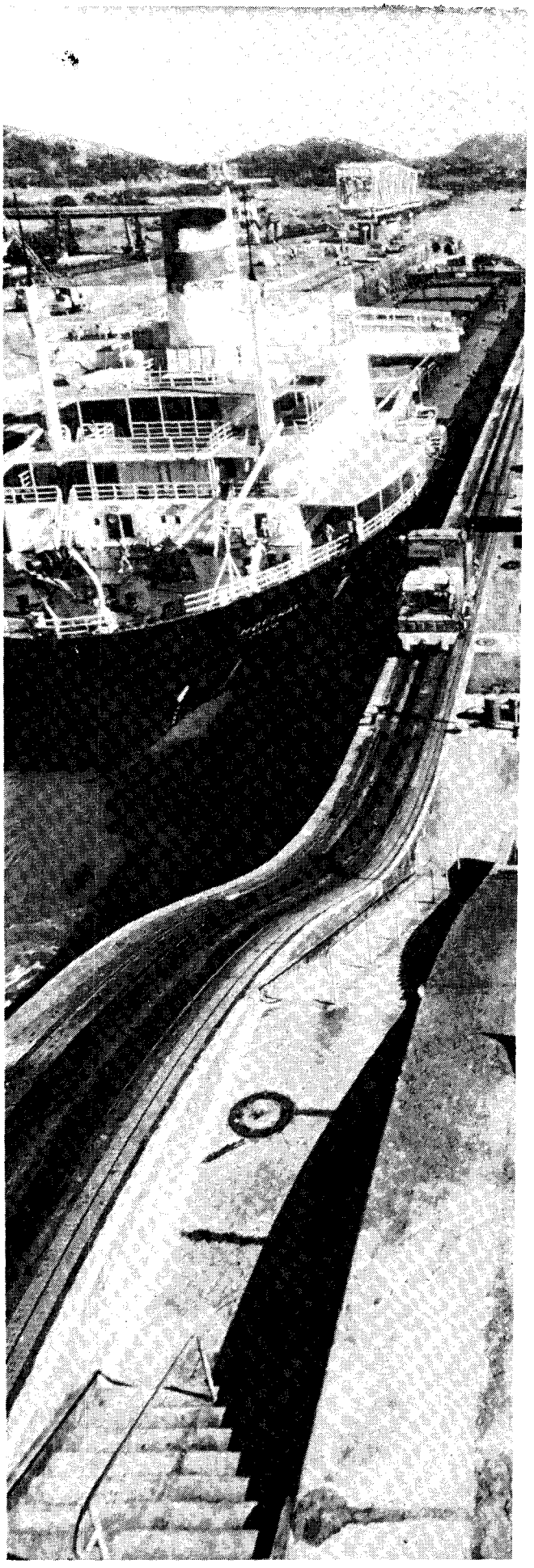
Is America Giving Away the Panama Canal?

Despite cries of dismay from Ronald Reagan and Americans living in Panama, control of the Canal Zone is inexorably passing over to the Panamanians



by Alan Riding

Panama City

In a sense, it's all over. Even if American troops stay here another fifty years, and even if a new Panama Canal treaty is not soon concluded, the tropical dreamworld of the Canal Zone has been forever shattered. There is no recapturing that seventy-year sequence between the assumption by the United States of perpetual control over the waterway in 1903 and Washington's recent recognition that the canal should eventually belong to Panama. The real world, with its mundane concepts of "equal opportunity," "civil rights," and "decolonization," has intruded irreversibly into the lives of the Zonians, those 3,500 American employees of the Panama Canal Company, the body—owned and administered by the United States—that operates the canal. Many of these employees and their families are second- or third-generation residents of the ten-mile-wide zone that cuts Panama in half at its waist. No wonder they have always been fiercely "American." But the local U.S. Armed Forces television channel now urges viewers to learn Spanish, and Indian street vendors have even set up shop beside the United States–run commissary. The Zone is losing its American purity. It isn't long before the newly arrived visitor overhears someone voicing the universal gripe: "It's not a decent place to bring up your children anymore."

Under siege as much from American liberals as from Panamanian nationalists, the Zonians are angry, frustrated, and demoralized. They feel they have lost. Ronald Reagan's "discovery" of the Panama issue is seen as a passing gesture of defiance rather than a cause for real hope. "If Reagan goes down the drain, we'll be forgotten," the wife of a Canal Zone policeman said, "but it was good while it lasted." Some Zonians are not waiting for the Republican National Convention or even publication of a new draft

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Alan Riding is a free-lance writer living in Mexico City.

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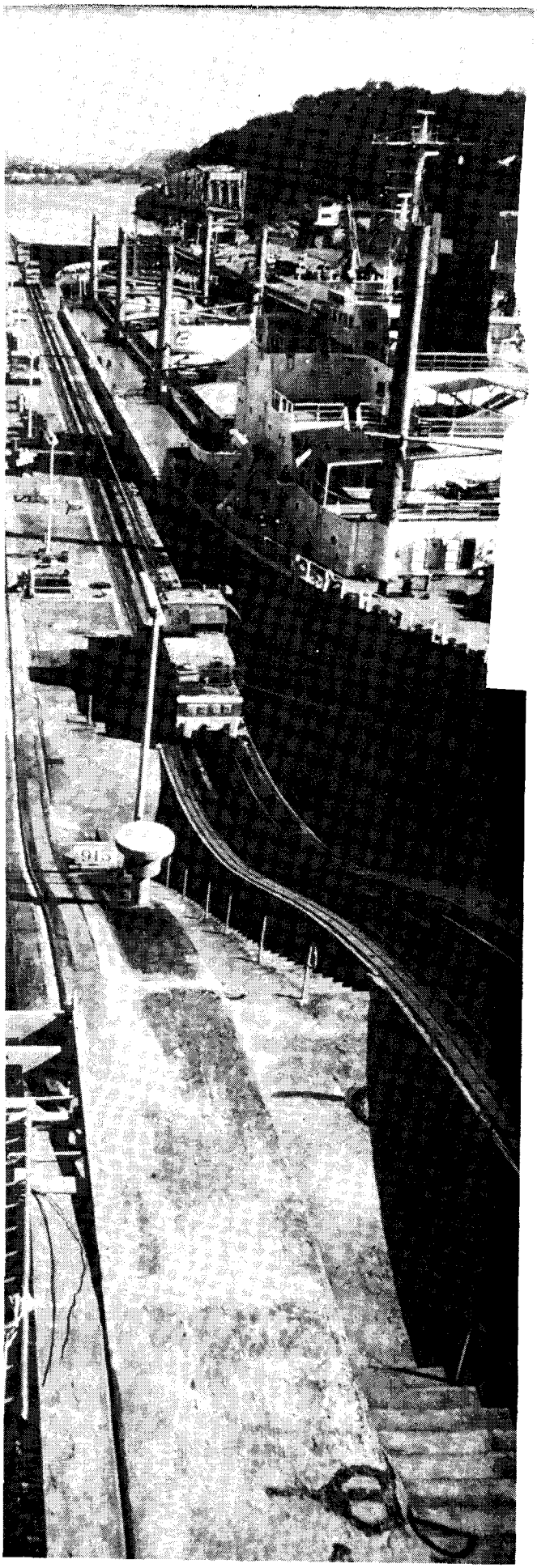

David Mangurian

ıty before looking for jobs in the United States. The con-
nt criticism of their lives and privileges has eroded pride
ı confidence. Some shippers say that service on the canal
deteriorating. On a Panama City wall that carries such
niliar graffiti as KISSINGER, REMEMBER VIETNAM and
NKEE, GO HOME, one Zonian has registered these patriotic
ntiments: KISS MY AMERICAN ASS.

Perhaps what most upsets the Zonians is the feeling that
ey are being betrayed by fellow Americans. The State
epartment's chief negotiator, Ambassador-at-large Ells-
orth Bunker, reassures them blandly that their interests
re being looked after, but they claim their privileges were
eing sacrificed even before talks looking toward a new
J.S.-Panama treaty were begun. There is paranoia. "The
tate Department and Panama are not negotiating," one
ngry Zonian said. "They're conspiring." There is bitterness
ınd resentment. "The military can use our commissary, but
ve can't use their PX," one wife said of the 11,000 U.S.
soldiers and their dependents stationed here. The Pentagon
reverses itself to back the new treaty, and Assistant Army
Secretary Victor Veysey becomes as big an ogre as Secretary
of State Kissinger. In March these feelings erupted in a
"sick-out" strike of some 700 American employees of the
Panama Canal Company, virtually closing the waterway to
traffic for a week. Who said the Panamanians were too irre-
sponsible to operate the canal? chirped the local press.

But the Zonians—so much on the defensive now that they
resent even the word "Zonian"—are essentially right. The
position of the State Department—and now also that of the
Pentagon—is much closer to Panama's than to the Zonians'.
Both countries want a new treaty, and they have gone a long
way toward agreement. The privileges of the Zonians will
indeed be sacrificed at the altar of international goodwill.

Perhaps the Zonians' biggest mistake was to fight the
treaty negotiations on the issue of their own interests rather
than those of the United States. Rarely do Zonians argue that
a new treaty threatens United States security or free com-
merce. More frequently, complaints are about such pressing
national issues as the suspension of home milk delivery in the
Canal Zone. Certainly, older Canal Company employees
have cause for worry, particularly those in the middle- and
lower-income groups, because they may be forced to resign
in Panama and then be unable to find employment in the
United States. Nevertheless, self-interest disguised as patrio-
tism would have been a more effective strategy.

To be fair, the much-publicized joys of life in the Canal
Zone have been magnified by the contrast with life in Pan-
ama itself. In downtown Panama City, for example, the
capital's worst tenement slums come within fifty yards of
the unlittered lawns and shaded bungalows of the Zone, as
if a Westchester County suburb began just north of the
Harlem slums on Manhattan's West 126th Street. Similarly,
while company employees pay American prices for their
food, cars, and home appliances within the Zone, prices that
Panamanians pay are often twice as high. Even the employ-
ees' homes would be considered antiquated by modern Amer-
ican standards, yet they look good to most Panamanians.

But despite Reagan's fantasies, the Canal Zone is not the
United States, and it cannot be judged as such. To Pana-
manians it is an enclave that, though not technically a col-
ony, is full of people with an unabashedly colonial mental-
ity. Notwithstanding the inevitable "some of my best friends
are" preface, at heart many Zonians consider Panamanians

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Gates, Locks, and Ruins

by Eleanor Munro

Panama City

THE city is a place of migrations, minglings, and wipings-out: first the Indians, then the Spanish; in the sixteenth century, Sephardic Jews fleeing the Inquisition; European Jews in the 1930s fleeing the Holocaust. Between them, French and American colonists. Now the migrants include managers of foreign banks: Dutch, American, French, Japanese. Alone among Latin American nations, Panama still honors the dollar. One constant in time: gold, as it was for the conquistadors.

Within the seventeenth-century Spanish Church of San José, before the gilded mahogany Altar de Oro, rural and city Panamanians stand looking up, whispering, hands folded over their abdomens. They sidle into the tall cool space between whitewashed walls, between square piers lifting a dark wood-beamed roof. They idle under the arch of the facing Cathedral Church of Panama, on which is written AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL. They glide in through the portal of the nearby Church of Santa Ana, on which are the words HERE LIVES THE GOD OF THE PEOPLE. The people here are poor or lower middle class, with parched Indian bones, hunched shoulders, small withers, grave eyes.

By the cathedral and all around the seventeenth-century Plaza Mayor stand ruins and restorations. Between and behind are the nineteenth-century buildings that French merchants and engineers put up during their short-lived attempt at digging a canal. They left 20,000 dead—"a corpse for every tie" of the railroad they did complete. Their habitations and places of business were like those in Shanghai, Singapore, Batavia, Nairobi: low complexes of pilasters and pediments, architraves and Corinthian capitals, ghosts of a bygone epoch that inspire meditations on the rise and fall of empire, the futility of ambition.

A few miles away, Avenue John F. Kennedy bifurcates the nation into two great areas, Panama proper and the American-administered Canal Zone. On the Panamanian side, rabbity, rickety, blue- and pink-painted tin-roofed shack slums: this government, strung between ties to the United States and Cuba, cares less for urban renewal than for survival, which now means attracting foreign capital, keeping protest at a simmer.

Across the avenue lie the small patch lawns and winding lanes of the Canal Zone. American Zonians live in three-story-high bungalows built in the style of the 1910s and 1920s, with an odd functional similitude to structures that Americans and British erected in the foreign quarters of Peking and Nanking: overhanging roofs supported on projecting beams, high ceilings, louvered shutters.

On a hilltop above rise spires of a powerful radar installation. One can look out to the Pacific, ruffled bays, distant green islands, a line of cargo ships and tankers awaiting entry to the locks. Indeed, the peace of the place is seductive. The political question is solvable. Most people we have talked to, Americans and Panamanians, agree that a new treaty is desirable.

We continue our travels. We drive through rain forest along the Canal Zone. A fluorescent blue butterfly dazzles across our path. Finally we arrive at the U.S. Army School, deep in Canal Zone territory. Since 1903 we have been in the canal area by treaty, but the treaty says nothing about twelve army bases in the Zone. Nor does the treaty mention two schools where our army trains its recruits in jungle survival and teaches Latin American counterinsurgency soldiers and officers the "technique of advanced warfare." "We are the *best* trained in the world at that," says our guide. Yet a technology adapted for jungle warfare must be taught as a specialty. We erred in Vietnam. "I doubt we'll ever have another war with the control of the air we had in Nam. With helicopters, people get lazy."

Our host for lunch, a colonel, is a Vietnam hero. The orphaned son of New York German immigrants, he was raised in foster homes he recalls with bitterness. But now he has found his spiritual family at last, and his calling. He is "making men" of frequently overweight Latin Americans, more specifically, "teaching them to kill . . . to burn down houses. But we also teach to build up again." Alternately, he lashes and pleads, suspecting me of being a "bleeding heart." His rugged boy-face is flushed with belief that he is doing a necessary job. He turns to me, speaks into my eyes. I cannot help but respond with a feeling of sympathy to such a show of courteous intensity. But I ask him whether they also discuss, in class, *why* to kill or *for whom* to build up again.

"Ethics? Morality? Never! We are strictly forbidden to mention politics."

Next we are shown a videotape used in class. Soldiers plow through waving grass of a tropical savanna. The camera swerves. The voice of our second briefing officer continues: "We are teaching the most advanced technological warfare. . . ."

Leaving after lunch, I press the hand of the colonel, whom I still cannot bring myself to think of except as an American boy building a world to the measure of his war game: *How! You bad. Me good.* I notice we are saying farewell in an enormous foyer faced with marble, fitted with bronze elevators. Such an edifice in the tropics! He explains that it was built to be used as a hospital. The American dream: a lasting temple of healing.

Before leaving the country, I revisit old Panama City. I enter again the Cathedral Church. On a wall hangs a plaque I had seen earlier, in passing. I raise my eyes to it again and feel, now, a shock of personal fear. It is a small plaque, no more than two by four feet, carved in high relief, which shows a corner of the Inferno. Flames stand out sharply, orange-red. From among spears of fire project small torsos of naked, startled men and women. The flames are blades of grass in a savanna. Now I am, again, a target, an American bleeding heart. For I cannot see what our technology is serving, in that corner of the Canal Zone, except to keep in oiled and smooth, functioning order the gates of Hell. ◉

Eleanor Munro has published recently in The New Republic, Partisan Review, Ms., PEN Quarterly, *and* Story Quarterly.

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to be dirty, dishonest, and dark-skinned. Some Zonians never, in fact, leave their enclave, and even among those born in Panama, there are few who are fluent in Spanish. Many Panamanians are, of course, employed in the Zone, but they are kept in menial jobs: although Panamanians account for over 75 percent of the company's 15,000-man work force, they occupy less than 10 percent of the posts in the top eight levels and just .6 percent of the supervisory positions. Whether as descendants or just as compatriots of the men who built the canal, the Americans clearly feel a sense of ownership toward the Zone. It is perhaps understandable—the French in Algeria felt the same; the old British families in Rhodesia still do—but it is no longer compatible with the times.

YET it took anti-American riots in 1964, in which twenty-three Panamanians and four Americans lost their lives, and several years of chest-beating and war cries from Panama's dictator, General Omar Torrijos Herrera, for Washington to conclude that there was indeed a Panama issue. There were even sporadic negotiations on a new treaty for almost a decade before Kissinger gave the matter some attention. But only in February, 1974, was a formal accord signed by Kissinger and the then Panamanian Foreign Minister, Juan Antonio Tack, establishing that the 1903 Canal Treaty, which gave the United States control over the canal and the Zone "in perpetuity," should be replaced by a fixed-duration treaty at the end of which the entire operation would be taken over by Panama.

Since then, the negotiations have been making rapid progress, with the United States agreeing that Panama should assume jurisdiction over the Canal Zone within three years of the new treaty (that is, Panamanians will replace American policemen, judges, and firemen and will run the post offices and shops and take over the operation of the canal itself by the year 2000, although the Pentagon is insisting on major defense responsibility for a further twenty-five years). Many details still have to be worked out, but substantive talks are continuing throughout this year, and a draft treaty should be ready for initialing by mid-1977. In fact, despite Reagan's pounding rhetoric and President Ford's occasional contradiction of his own administration's position, Ambassador Bunker has convinced the Panamanian negotiators that they should ignore the electoral folklore in the United States and keep on talking here.

Washington's decision to "grant" Panama a new treaty stemmed as much from recognition that the status quo could no longer be happily sustained as from unemotional assessment of the canal's importance to the United States today. From a military point of view, for example, the emergence of a two-ocean U.S. Navy has reduced the need to move warships through the canal (most aircraft carriers are too large anyway); further, in a war situation the waterway's locks and dams would be highly vulnerable both to sabotage and to attack by aircraft or missiles. The 11,000-man United States military contingent in the Canal Zone, on the other hand, is considered mainly a deterrent to Panamanian nationalists and is not capable of protecting the canal from serious outside attack. Its functions of training Latin American military personnel, including Panamanian National Guardsmen, in such arts as counterinsurgency could be easily carried out elsewhere.

Commercially, the canal is also losing its importance to the United States, not only because it cannot accommodate many large container ships or oil tankers but also because of competition from transcontinental trucking and railroad services. Today only 9 percent of United States foreign trade passes through the canal. At the same time, there is no reason to presume that, in twenty-five years' time, the canal will not be open to United States vessels while being adequately run by Panamanians.

Perhaps more relevant is the position of the powerful United States shipping lobby, which fears that Panamanian control of the canal could bring an increase in tolls or perhaps even price discrimination against products going to or coming from industrialized nations (about two-thirds of the 14,570 ships using the canal in fiscal 1975 were going to or coming from American ports). Over the years, pressure from the shipping lobby has prevented the Panama Canal Company from raising tolls to realistic levels. The result has been unhealthy deficits and subsequent emergency toll increases. In fact, even though the lock system makes this waterway expensive to operate, and even after an anticipated 19.5 percent toll hike in November of this year, Panama's tolls will still be only about 60 percent of those charged by the Suez Canal. Local economists argue bitterly that revenue that might otherwise have been used to modernize the canal or to help Panama has instead subsidized world—though principally American—shippers and consumers.

Yet Reagan's successful demagogy on the Panama issue was in no way related to the arguments in favor of or against a new canal treaty. On the contrary, public interest in the negotiations as such remains minimal. Rather, Reagan sensed a mood of apprehension about the seeming diplomatic and military debility of the United States on many world fronts, and, like the school bully, he chose a weakling nation of 1.7 million inhabitants against which to display his *machismo*. He also twisted the facts in order to pick a quarrel. "We bought it, we paid for it—and it's ours" was the phrase that echoed regularly over the hustings. But

Ursula Berriath: Keystone

General Torrijos—"A dictator in need of a new treaty in order to survive."

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Cutting the "Big Ditch"—"An uproarious history marked by violent revolution, disease, and diplomatic skulduggery."

Porto Bello—"One constant in time: gold, as it was for the conquistadors."

Howard Sochurek

Sidney Lathan

From the Beginning, Nothing but Trouble

For a seemingly peaceful waterway, the Panama Canal has had an uproarious history. Violent revolution, volcanic eruptions, diplomatic skulduggery, disease epidemics, and bitter anti–United States riots are only a few of the troubles that have plagued the Big Ditch, both before and since its completion in 1914.

One great source of the troubles has been, simply, geography: our post-Revolutionary diplomats believed that the vital interests of the United States required a water bridge connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific; but this sea-level bridge had to be dug through alien territory, far from the United States mainland. A better formula for international ill will can hardly be imagined.

Nonetheless, as long ago as the early 1800s, the pros and cons of such an extraterritorial venture were being hotly discussed in U.S. governmental and financial circles. It wasn't until the Spanish-American War, however, that the need for such a canal was brought home to the American public in a dramatic way. When the war broke out in 1898, the battleship *Oregon* hastily put out of San Francisco, bound for the Caribbean fighting. Making the tedious swing around South America, the *Oregon* at last came steaming into the Atlantic theater of war some sixty-eight days after weighing anchor in San Francisco. By then the short-lived war was all but over.

Now the canal fever began to rise steeply. Nicaragua had long been the favored canal site, but in the early 1900s it was supplanted by Panama, for two main reasons. First, Nicaragua had been shaken by volcanic eruptions and was thought unsafe. Second, a French firm had in 1881 begun digging a canal in Panama (which was then a region long held by Colombia). After pouring almost $200 million into the canal, the contractors had gone bankrupt. So, to recoup, they persuaded the U.S. government to buy their equipment and other assets, and to relocate the canal site to the Panama area of Colombia.

Panamanian irredentists promptly revolted against Colombia in 1903—not without encouragement from the United States. Setting up a new nation, Panama, the insurgents began dickering with the United States for their own canal treaty. Unfortunately, the new Panamanian rulers made the mistake of choosing as their treaty negotiator one Philippe Jean Bunau-Varilla, a rather slippery French national formerly employed by the now-bankrupt French canal-diggers.

Bunau-Varilla knew nothing of international law, had never before signed a treaty, and had only an uncertain grasp of English; he had to call in a lawyer to smarten up his English grammar and give the treaty document a legal sound. Many of the later misunderstandings between Washington and Panama stem from the confusing

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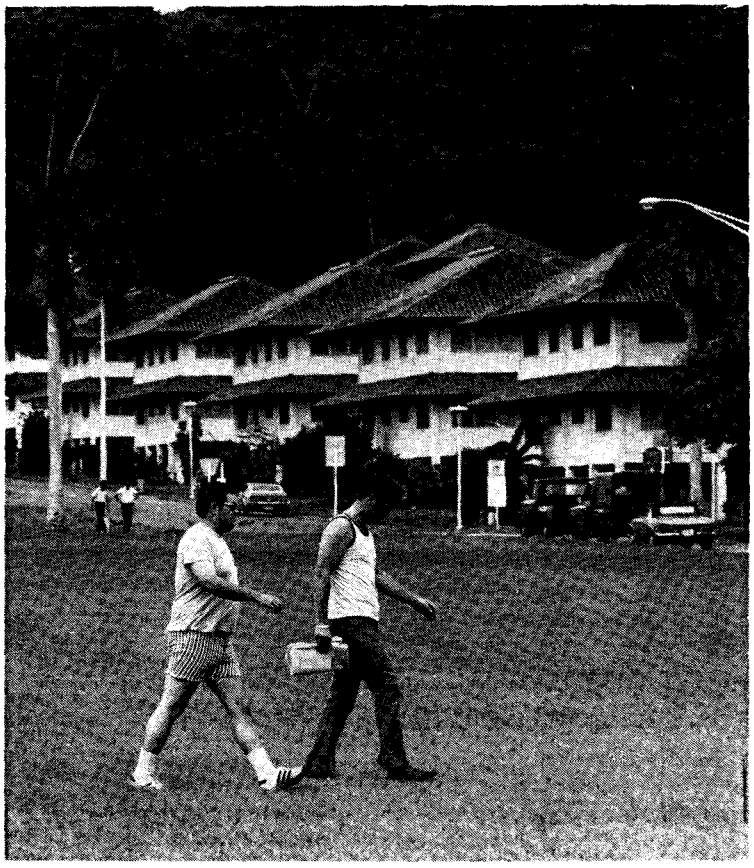
Perry Kretz: Black Star



The Zonian way—"Criticism of their lives and privileges has eroded pride and confidence."

we didn't *buy* the canal—the United States paid $10 million for the right to build it. Nor did we pay for it—users of the canal are paying for it over a 133-year period—nor is it "ours." Even the Ford administration recognizes that Panama never lost sovereignty over the Canal Zone, but Reagan happily insists that the Zone is "every bit the same as Alaska." He ignores, however, such details as the fact that, under U.S. law, children born of Panamanians in the Zone are Panamanians, but children born of Panamanians in Alaska are Americans.

One irony of the controversy is that, while Reagan is complaining that the United States is "giving away" everything in the negotiations, Panamanian nationalists are equally unhappy about the multiple concessions being made by *their* government. The vulnerability of Panama is self-evident. Not only is Panama negotiating with a country that has 11,000 troops stationed in its territory and that controls its principal economic resource, but the government of General Torrijos is also in such serious economic and political difficulties that it needs a new treaty—at almost any cost—in order to survive.

General Torrijos seized power in October, 1968, ousting the populist leader, Arnulfo Arias, who had been in office just eleven days. Almost immediately, he rejected an unpopular draft treaty worked out with the United States the previous year and, from 1970 on, began campaigning ever more energetically for a completely new treaty. "What nation on earth would stand the humiliation of a foreign flag planted in its heart?" the general said repeatedly of the United States presence in the Zone.

Domestically, his regime was repressive but contradictory. He soon silenced the independent press and smothered

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and misleading language of Bunau-Varilla's clauses.

But, finally, in 1903, the Hay–Bunau-Varilla Treaty was signed. It granted Panama $10 million in cash and a handsome yearly payment. The United States got exclusive control of the Canal Zone *in perpetuity*. (Colombia, the injured party, was eventually paid an indemnity of $25 million by the U.S. government.)

With the United States–run Canal Zone cutting square across Panama's middle, "town-gown" hostility and anti–United States rioting were inevitable and frequent in the years that followed. Under such Panamanian pressures, the Hay–Bunau-Varilla Treaty was revised in 1936. While the annual payment was significantly increased, all of the privileges granted to the United States by the first treaty were left intact.

Further riots in 1947 pressured the U.S. Civil Service Commission into granting Panamanians permission to take the examinations necessary to obtain the better-paid jobs in the Zone. In November, 1952, the Panamanian government again began to agitate for a new treaty that would give Panama control of the canal and recognize her sovereignty over the Zone. The new treaty, signed in 1955, once again raised the annual payment considerably but did not relinquish United States control over the Zone.

Panama has had little option during its seventy-three-year history but to accept what the United States has chosen to give, but the huge payments made by the United States have not assuaged Panama's pride. A special report on United States–Central American relations recommended in 1958 that Panama's sovereignty over the Canal Zone be recognized by the flying of the two nations' flags side by side. The request was turned down by the House of Representatives, 380-12. Only after severe rioting, in which eighty persons were injured, and after an invasion of Panama by ninety-one Cubans did President Eisenhower allow the flags to be flown at one place in the Zone.

President Kennedy's decision to allow the flags to be flown together wherever the American flag was flown by civil authorities resulted in a lawsuit by a Zone resident. The suit was dismissed because the judge decided that the treaty showed the territory involved did not belong to the United States. The controversy over joint flag flying culminated in the January, 1964, riots, in which four United States soldiers and twenty-three Panamanians were killed; between January and March, 1964, 95 percent of all Zone residents did not set foot in Panama proper. The treaty now being considered in Washington, which will recognize Panama's sovereignty over the Zone and allow for its gradual assumption of control of the canal, is the result of the commission that President Johnson appointed in 1964 to study the problem after the riots. The harsh words about this treaty exchanged between candidates Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford are therefore only the latest—and possibly not the last—angry fruits of the long-vexed history of the Canal Zone. —JANE MAJESKI

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UPI

Reagan and the Panama Canal issue—"Twisting the facts in order to pick a quarrel."

local opposition groups, justifying his measures with fiery nationalist and revolutionary rhetoric aimed equally at the United States and at local elites. He also sought a populist image—dressing in army fatigues and chomping on a large cigar à la Castro—although he lacked the charm and charisma to succeed. His leftism, on the other hand, was always tempered by pragmatism. For example, the local Communist Party was the only political organization allowed to operate freely after the 1968 coup (it, in turn, supported the "revolutionary" government), yet the forty-seven-year-old dictator decreed the lax banking law that converted Panama into a regional financial center. Similarly, he adopted a progressive labor code, but sharply increased indirect taxation affecting lower-income groups.

On the subject of the canal, though, his approach was clearer. He campaigned at home and abroad for a new treaty and kept warning Washington that "our patience is running out." Support for a new deal also became a convenient political instrument: to oppose Torrijos was to oppose a new treaty, and to oppose a new treaty was a position no Panamanian wished to adopt. Three years ago, in fact, bolstered by the backing of the United Nations Security Council (excepting the United States) and the bloc of Latin American nations, Torrijos was happy to wait for Washington to succumb to international pressure and "give away" the canal.

But the world recession, compounded by a cutback in private investment by antigovernment businessmen, forced Torrijos to change his approach. The domestic economic growth rate slumped from a recent average of 8 percent a year to just 1.7 percent in 1975, and unemployment and inflation rose sharply. The general's failure to create an authentic popular base for his regime was suddenly bared, and he was forced to borrow more abroad to maintain minimal economic activity at home. The economic discontent also brought disenchantment with Torrijos's endless promises of a new treaty. Voices of opposition were heard from Left and Right, complaining as much about excessive secrecy in the negotiations as about corruption and nepotism in the regime (of which Torrijos's own family is the main beneficiary, although a new "military" class has also emerged). In fact, with rumors of a possible coup being heard for the first time in several years, Torrijos was left with one way of regaining his political credibility and reviving economic confidence: to come up with a new treaty—albeit favorable to the United States—as soon as possible.

But there were snags. No draft could be presented for the U.S. Senate's ratification until well after the November, 1976, elections, yet unrest in Panama seems certain to grow in the coming months. In January, on his return from a visit to Cuba—where Prime Minister Castro advised him to be patient and cautious with the United States—Torrijos therefore abruptly deported thirteen of his main left- and right-wing opponents, closed the only independent radio station, and ordered the government-controlled press to cease agitating on the canal issue. And, in the meantime, to try to boost the economy, he dumped several leftists from his cabinet and began wooing businessmen again.

Today the United States seems as anxious as Torrijos to ensure the survival—if not the strengthening—of the dictatorship. Not only would a coup d'état now mean an unnecessary prolongation of the negotiations—with the new regime possibly making new demands—but it would also remove from the scene the one man that Washington believes can impose a potentially unpopular new treaty on the Panamanian people. For example, the draft treaty as elaborated so far contains several provisions that directly contradict promises made by Torrijos, such as withdrawal of all United States military personnel from Panama. Torrijos has committed himself to seeking ratification of any new treaty through plebiscite, and, by deporting his main critics, he has ensured that this process will not be complicated by any too-detailed analysis of the agreement. But the domestic economic crisis is constantly eroding Torrijos's popularity to the point that Washington now feels it is as important to support the regime financially as it is to discourage any National Guard plots to replace the dictator.

If Torrijos survives the next year, though, the scenario of a draft treaty initialed by the two negotiating teams and ratified by the Panamanian people seems credible. But the entire applecart will be overturned if the U.S. Senate fails to ratify the draft treaty by the necessary two-thirds majority. With more than one-third of the members already on record as opposing a new accord, Kissinger has been trying to frighten public opinion into believing that guerrilla warfare or a "new Vietnam" will erupt in Panama if a new treaty is not forthcoming. And, to judge at least by Senator Barry Goldwater's unexpected endorsement of the negotiations, Kissinger's specter of violence is having its effect.

But if this "bloodbath," as President Ford put it recently, were to occur, it would be for reasons very different from those suggested by the administration. Specifically, there will be no mass anti-American uprising in Panama. After hearing Torrijos's tired rhetoric for the past five years, most Panamanians do not even believe there will be a new

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The Politics of Bluster and Ballyhoo

by Stanley Karnow

POLITICIANS—especially those struggling to gain office—tend to escalate minor issues into major controversies. In so doing, they usually focus on subjects about which the public is both ignorant and passionate.

Ronald Reagan, the challenger from California, has been skillfully using this strategy in his fight to wrest the Republican nomination away from President Ford. The question he has inflated beyond all reasonable proportion is the future disposition of the Panama Canal, which successive administrations since the days of Lyndon Johnson have been trying to modify in order to suit changing realities in Latin America.

Ford recognizes, as his predecessors did, that the Panama Canal has become an anachronism. It is too narrow to accommodate modern commercial and military ships. It is indefensible. It loses money. And its legal status, established in a lopsided treaty between the United States and Panama seventy-three years ago, is an obsolete arrangement that irritates even the most moderate of Latin American nationalists. Thus the President has been negotiating a new understanding that would gradually give the Panamanians control over the canal.

As the experts point out, the United States did not originally acquire the Canal Zone—a corridor fifty-three miles long and ten miles wide—in the same way it purchased Louisiana from the French and Alaska from the Russians. The $10 million paid to the Panamanians in 1903 gave the United States rights in the area rather than ownership. Or as William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, observed at the time, "While we have all the attributes of sovereignty . . . the treaty seems to preserve the titular sovereignty over the Canal Zone in the Republic of Panama."

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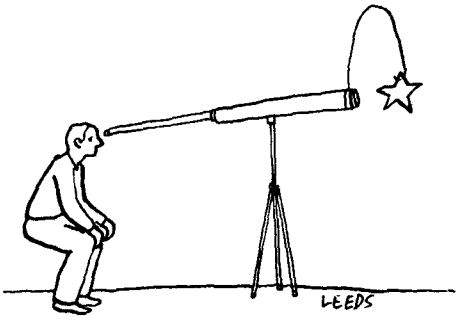
These facts elude Reagan, who has been arguing bluntly that "we bought it, we paid for it, we built it, and we intend to keep it." But his assertion, while misinformed, distorted, and downright demagogic, is by no means casual. For he and his advisers know, as the surveys indicate, that even though a tiny fraction of Americans are aware of the Panama negotiations, a majority instinctively insists on maintaining the status quo. Whether this majority is stirred by childhood memories or frustrated by America's apparent retreat from world responsibility is difficult to measure, but the issue gave Reagan a victory in the Texas primary, and it has handed him high scores in other preliminary contests.

Reagan is backed up, moreover, by such powerful figures on Capitol Hill as Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, who has already mobilized more than enough colleagues to block



ratification of the new treaty. Reagan has also captivated numbers of congressmen, among them Gene Snyder, of Kentucky, who recently suggested that the effort to revise the Panama accord is really a subversive pincer movement organized by Fidel Castro and the Quebec Liberation Front and is designed to divest the United States of the Panama Canal, in the south, and the St. Lawrence Seaway, along the Canadian border.

Behind this hostility to change, meanwhile, is a strange assortment of ultraconservatives. The most active participant in this amorphous lobby is Phillip Harman, a California businessman in his mid-fifties who bills himself as the "grandson-in-law of the founder of the Republic of Panama," a label he claims by virtue of his marriage to the granddaughter of a member of the junta that first set up the Panamanian government.

Harman, who told an interviewer not long ago that he spends $10,000 per year "of my own money" for his Panamanian cause, describes himself as "a fanatic on anticommunism." Operating out of his Los Angeles home, he bombards the White House and the State Department with letters and literature about the canal, most of them alleging in one form or another that the present Panamanian leaders are Russian agents. Harman initially briefed Reagan on the subject last September and has since discussed it at length with Reagan's campaign aide, Peter Hannaford. Ford-administration officials familiar with the Panamanian flap credit Harman with introducing Reagan to the issue.

But, seen in perspective, Reagan's rhetoric about the Panama Canal is only code language aimed at dramatizing a bigger debate. For one of the main thrusts of his campaign has been to charge Ford and Kissinger with being "soft on communism," and the Panama question fits into that larger scheme.

Ford, though hardly a dupe of the Kremlin, opened himself up to Reagan's accusations last fall when he made two decisive mistakes. Heeding the counsel of his White House inner circle, he removed Kissinger as head of the National Security Council. And he dismissed Defense Secretary James Schlesinger for complaining aloud that budget cuts would damage the U.S. military establishment.

The first of these moves weakened Kissinger by depriving him of a place close to the President. And the purge of Schlesinger took from the cabinet the only man capable of shielding the administration from right-wing assaults. From then on, Ford was vulnerable to Reagan on the foreign-policy front. The Panama Canal fuss is merely one sector of that front, but it is one in which Reagan has made headway, probably to the detriment of America's long-range interests in the western hemisphere. He has also proved, in the process, the validity of Kissinger's recent warning that "the quest for short-term political gain" will plunge the country into "a period of misleading oversimplification, further divisiveness, and sterile recrimination." ◉

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treaty. And, after living beside the Americans in the Zone for seventy or more years, only a few highly politicized Panamanians could be considered anti-American. There is more apathy and cynicism than passion and impatience. "What is the National Guard going to do with the land and business deals when we take over the Zone?" one taxi driver asked. "What do you think? Do you think we'll get a piece of the action? Not on your life!" In fact, if the negotiations break down or if the Senate rejects the draft treaty, most Panamanians will shrug disappointedly and remark philosophically on the weakness of Panama and the strength of the United States.

General Torrijos, on the other hand, might feel pressured into some violent act of protest in order to salvage his shattered credibility. He could simply break off diplomatic relations with Washington or order the government-controlled Panamanian Student Federation to stone the United States Embassy. He could even sponsor acts of sabotage in the Zone, although probably not against canal installations themselves. But his would be a losing fight for survival. If he did nothing, his political standing would be so low that his removal would almost seem natural; if he went too far, the United States would simply encourage his overthrow by a National Guard hierarchy that already has doubts about his viability as a ruler.

Conversely, because a new treaty will dramatically strengthen the military regime, some Panamanian groups are now at last separating the concepts of Torrijos and treaty. A new right-wing slogan is "A treaty but without Torrijos"; one conservative businessman explained that he "would rather wait six or seven years for a new treaty than see this man's power perpetuated." But, on the Left, there is fear that a new treaty will consolidate the shaky relationship between the new military class and the private sector. Furthermore, joint United States–Panamanian defense of the canal, as contemplated in the draft treaty, would, in effect, place American soldiers alongside the Panamanian National Guardsmen—at least in the minds of the public, if not in practice—and would serve as implicit endorsement of the military regime by United States authorities.

Thus, while for the United States a new canal treaty is just a passing—albeit passionate—electoral issue, for Panama it is not only a matter of deep historical importance but also a vital question of contemporary politics. The debate may seem to be about sovereignty and national dignity, but, as ever, the stakes are money and power. ◉

Epilogue: Letter from Panama

Panamanian bank executive Raul A. Arias recently wrote to SR *editor Katharine Kuh, his friend of several years, the following letter about his view of the U.S.–Panama Canal Zone negotiations.*

May 21, 1976

FURTHER to our enjoyable brief talk during your last visit here, I am writing to give you my point of view, as a Panamanian, regarding the Canal Zone and the current negotiations toward a new treaty. Though my view is personal, I think it fairly reflects what Panamanians feel about the canal issue.

Let me begin by mentioning that although I was born in Panama, I received my college and graduate education in the United States and lived there intermittently for six years, from 1964 to 1970. In addition, I lived and worked in Chicago during all of 1975.

Let me also say that I am not at all anti-American. On the contrary, I admire the ingenuity of your people, their attitude toward work, their basic decency, and the immense political power they enjoy. Nevertheless, when I go through the Canal Zone, which is often, because it cuts our country in two, I wonder . . . I wonder how the people of the United States, the same people who were indignant about Watergate, can allow the Canal Zone to remain as a vestige of gunboat diplomacy and of an era we would all like to forget.

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced the answer to that question lies in the enormous ignorance among Americans regarding the canal—ignorance not only of the facts but, equally important, ignorance of how the people of Panama feel about the canal. The facts of the situation can be obtained easily.

It does not, I can assure you, feel good at all when your country is divided in two by a ten-mile-wide zone in which your language is not spoken, your laws are not applied, and your country is not your country. It feels considerably worse when you realize that the treaty which regulates the relationship runs on forever —that is, it holds good *in perpetuity*.

The Panamanian position in the current canal negotiations with the United States centers on two key points: the matter of jurisdiction over our entire national territory and the question of a fixed termination date for any new arrangement. We are willing, and we have shown our willingness, to compromise on such matters as the defense and the day-to-day operation of the canal and the economic benefits derived from it. However, we value our dignity and national pride as much as you do, and we simply cannot allow a foreign country to exercise independent authority inside our country.

Fortunately, the last three United States Presidents have understood these fundamental concerns, and agreement in principle has been reached on these two points. Nevertheless, a new treaty will have to be ratified by Congress, which is, in the last analysis, responsible only to you, the people of the United States.

Here is how you can help us. Become more informed about the canal dispute. Write letters to the editor and to Congress. Stand up and correct anyone who demagogically says, "We bought it and we will keep it." In short, become a knowledgeable participant in the most important issue facing the United States and Latin America today.

There is good reason for my faith in the basic decency of the American people I know you, I went to school with you, and I worked with you. I have shared with average Americans afternoons at football games, morning rides on crowded buses, and friendly evenings at neighborhood bars. I am convinced you will help us once you know the facts about Panama. ◉

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Letters to the Wind

The Family Arsenal
by Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 309 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Frederic Raphael

IT ALWAYS used to be English writers who went on their travels. Lord Byron brought back from the bazaars and bagnios of the Mediterranean enough gaudy tales to stock the bookshops and shock the ladies for many a Regency season. By the time novelists took over as the main traveling reporters, the British had so covered the earth with their flag that the writer was able both to dazzle the home reader with local color and to comfort him with a world full of English-speaking characters—and their pidgin-tongued subordinates, sahib. Maugham was, of course, the most tenacious of interwar travelers, and he found Maughamian situations everywhere (jaundice is in the eye of the beholder)—just as Graham Greene, in due course, found Greeneland's tropic strand. Alas, British novelists no longer patrol the seas quite so freely (a pound doesn't get you to Dover these days), and England itself has shriveled into a narrow corner, where American writers like Paul Theroux can journey without maps and quiz the natives.

Theroux's last book took him from London to Asia and back again. *The Great Railway Bazaar* had a deserved success. It was the very instance of the kind of travel that narrows the mind: after its hilarious and unguarded train of thoughts, one never wants to meet another foreigner or, frankly, anyone else much either. The author jeers at the world's absurdities with the reckless candor of a guest who does not expect, or care, to be asked again. He is a man without a reliable base: he travels hopelessly and keeps arriving. Unlike Graham Greene (and Evelyn Waugh, who carried xenophobia further than anyone else ever carried a toothbrush), he is not supported by the enabling structure of Catholic metaphysics: he does not find Abroad obligingly papered with paradoxical parables. Nor does he seek to establish himself as a man of the world in a literary context, as Mr. Maugham did. Theroux is more like a letter-writer: his books have the raciness of good collected correspondence. To whom is he writing? No fixed public, but rather a few fellow spirits over whose shoulders we can look, if we like. But do not expect to like it much: neither native nor *bwana* gets anything but stick.

If Theroux's latest natives are themselves ex-*bwanas*, that serves only to sharpen his malice. (What novelist without malice is any fun to read?) *The Family Arsenal* is a bold and sometimes remarkable piece of work. Like the corporal in T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint*, the author thrusts his arm deep in the shit. The subject is terrorism and the decay of Britain. There is a reference to Conrad's *The Secret Agent* (to entertain ex-colleagues in academia), and there is an epigraph from James's *The Princess Casamassima* (to prove that however brutally he handles life and language, Theroux still tips his hat to old Henry). But instead of poor little Hyacinth Robinson, we have an American tough guy, Valentine Hood (as in "hoodlum"). I think I know where the author first came across him. It was in *The Great Railway Bazaar*:

> From the back of the train I could see the market women and children reoccupying the track, and once—a swift sight of a leaping man—I thought I saw an American. . . . He was probably a deserter, one of about two hundred who remain in the country, mainly in the Saigon area. . . . I saw in them a fictional possibility. . . . If one were to write about Vietnam in any coherent way one would have to begin with these outsiders.

Could one really not be coherent in a number of other ways? Never mind. In this particular fiction, Hood is an ex-consular official who splits after punching a corrupt Vietnamese official and finally finds his way into Theroux's luggage. He brings with him a vindictive nihilism and a batch of passport blanks so he can make himself persona grata with the Provisional IRA by supplying false papers. When we meet him, he is shacked up in Deptford, Southeast London, but it might as well be Southeast Asia: the war goes on and opium is his opiate. With him are a couple of teenage bombers, Murf and Brodie. They act as custodians for a Flemish masterpiece stolen from "Highgate House" (a fictional alias for Kenwood House, whence some valuable items were indeed filched) by Sandra—*nom de guerre* Mayo—an upperish-class Englishwoman who is married to the Provo leader and sleeps with Hood from time to time. A considerable variety and range of characters from all walks and talks of life are cunningly implicated in the very adroit plot. A pedant would say that there are more coincidences than any plausible fiction can support, but Theroux is too bright to make mistakes by mistake: his novel appears to be realistic melodrama, but it is really a family play, even a family tree, from which a lot of waspish fruit is shaken.

The relationships may not be by blood (except in a gory metaphorical sense), but the proper little accountant, Mr. Gawber, and the socialist peeress, Lady Arrow (the Princess Casaminima?), and the Trotskyite actress, Araba Nightwing, and all the others whose trails cross and recross through seedy London are related by a kinship of guilt and fear and mutual dependence. They are a terrible family, and their fortune is in the machinery of revolutionary murder.

Now as I reflect on the implications of this image of the disunited-kingdom-at-the-end-of-its-tether, and when I view from a distance the cleverly dovetailed carpentry of the plot (worthy of the author's earlier creation, Mr. Fong), I am on the verge of saying that this is indeed a brilliant achievement. Who but Theroux can catch the idiosyncrasies of a dozen different "British" accents or blend sense and insensibility so tellingly? He sees England as few modern English writers have the nerve or the wit to see it. And yet *The Family Arsenal* really will not do. We may guess where Valentine Hood came from, and that is fine, but we

Frederic Raphael is the author of California Time, *published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston in April.*

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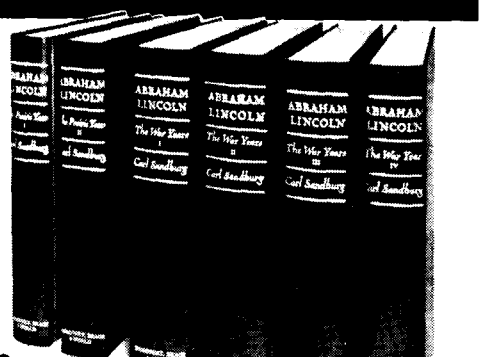

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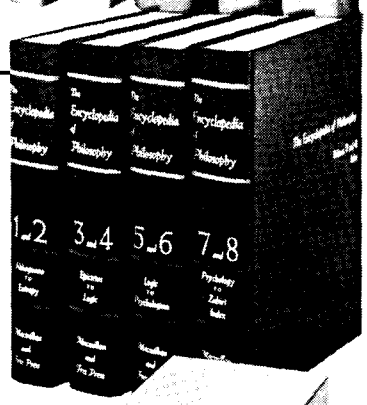

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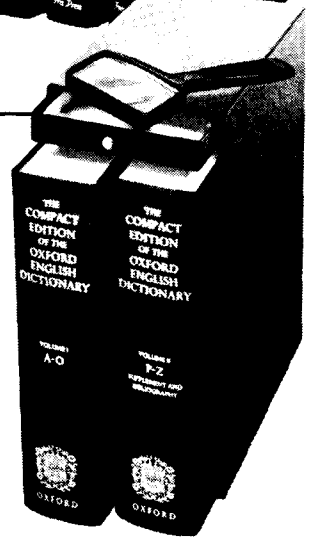

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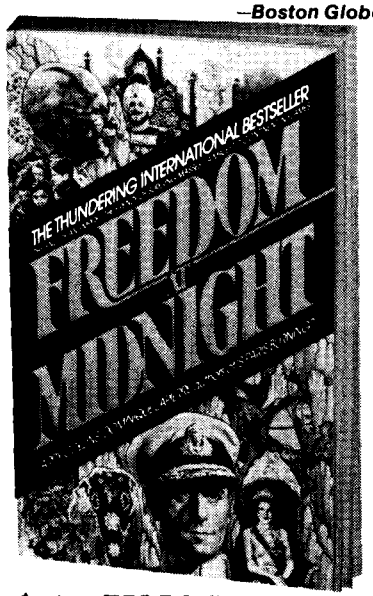

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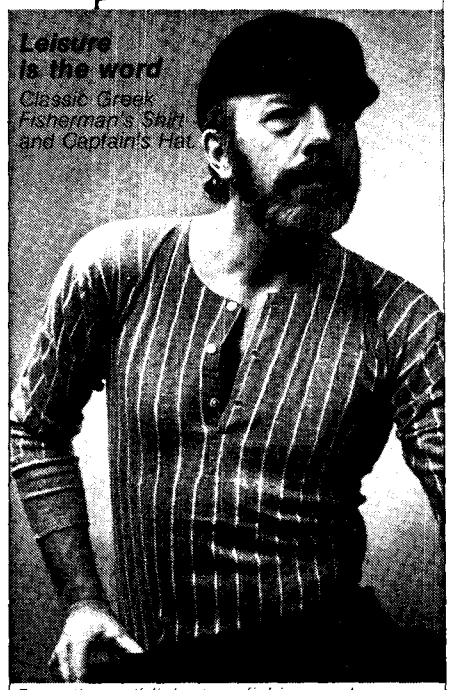

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may be *certain* where Araba and Sandra came from, and that is not fine at all. They were cut out of old newspaper, along with the art theft and a few more things. Vanessa Redgrave, who is played by Araba, is indeed a silly, as well as a superbly talented, lady. Her attitudes in life are indeed ludicrously stagy. But Theroux follows her onto the stage, and there he knows a lot less than she does—or than he should, if he is to ramble on about acting and actors the way he does. In passing, without wit or purpose, he dares to call Kenneth Tynan "a mediocre drama critic." For better or worse, Tynan transformed the English theater, and I am pretty sure it was for better.

Malice may be fine, vain spite is not, especially when you don't know your subject. But I would not puncture the soaring balloon of Theroux's reputation did it not, in this case, already hiss with self-inflicted punctures. *The Family Arsenal* bulges with mimetic talent, but it is also slipshod and does not always ring quite true. The expletive "Balls" is surely misused, and there are uncountable slacknesses: "most mammoth," for instance, isn't my adjectival-expression-of-the-month. And if Theroux's pun on "Arsenal," which is also the name of a London football team, is all very well, his reading of "graffiti"—Shelley's "scrawl of our unhappy politics"—seems to lack telling exactitude. *The Family Arsenal* may owe more to Graham Greene than anyone should ever want to pay to that morbid and mannered novelist, but it also fails, and much more ruinously, to honor a debt to the language in which it is written. English may no longer be spoken by a proud and grammatical race, but no one can call himself an artist and patronize even a poverty-stricken patois as Theroux does here —not and flaunt an epigraph from a master of expatriate punctilio. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 63

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 53.

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Books

It Can't Buy You Love—Among Other Things

"I Never Wanted to Be Vice-President of Anything!" An Investigative Biography of Nelson Rockefeller
by Michael Kramer and Sam Roberts
Basic Books, 382 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Richard J. Whalen

"I'm a politician—that's my profession," Nelson Rockefeller told an interviewer in 1967. What made Rocky run? "Success in politics, real success, means only one thing in America," he explained as he embarked on yet another campaign for the presidency.

By his own self-imposed standard, the lame-duck Vice-President is a failure. Indeed, he now publicly describes himself as an "ex-politician." He has committed two decades and an estimated $30 million of the immense family fortune to his pursuit of the only prize that matters, and it has eluded him. Now, at sixty-eight, time and opportunity appear to have run out for Rockefeller, who affects a manner of cheerful resignation.

One of the virtues of this readable political biography is that it does not presume to psychoanalyze its subject. Written by a pair of savvy young pol-watchers—Michael Kramer of *New York* magazine, Sam Roberts of the New York *Daily News*—the book straightforwardly tells the story behind the plaintive quotation in the title. The tale centers on Rockefeller's fifteen years as governor of New York State, the staging ground for his assaults on the presidency. It offers the sometimes comic, sometimes sordid spectacle of a monomaniacal multimillionaire on the make, willing to wheel and deal with the worst in order to inch toward his goal. "He can bring himself down to anybody's level," said an admiring Albany hack.

Far more than the money he spent, Rockefeller, quite literally, spent himself in his single-minded quest. The man who broke with the family tradition of privacy and sought public office in the late 1950s was fresh, vital, and in many respects admirable. But the man who heeded Jerry Ford's call two decades later and accepted the consolation prize of being appointed successor to Spiro Agnew was none of these things. He had waited too long and bartered away too much.

The authors find it difficult to bring Rockefeller into sharp focus. They reel off adjectives—sincere, self-confident, cocky, pragmatic, patronizing, patriotic, naive, repetitious, insensitive, and insulated—but confess that their subject is "strangely impervious to summing up." They settle for calling him "a mystery, full of fascinating contradictions and complex motivations, a man who in every sense has never settled for second best."

One key to the mystery is that Rockefeller, as a boy, wanted to be an architect. The ambition to build, on the largest scale possible, characterized his career as governor. He and brother David, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank and czar of lower Manhattan's redevelopment, could not be content with a single, 110-story tower for the World Trade Center. There had to be *two* such towers, throwing more office space on the depressed market than could be absorbed in a decade, but splendid symbols nonetheless. Or consider another Rockefeller monument, the grandiose and inefficient Albany Mall complex, projected to cost $480 million and now bearing a price tag of $1 billion—built to house the workers of a state government that has difficulty floating its suspect bonds.

The most revealing anecdote about Rockefeller the master-builder is attributed to his onetime ally and current archenemy, former New York City Mayor John Lindsay. It concerns the hotly controversial plan for the Lincoln Center mall, a pet Rockefeller scheme. The plan called for razing the buildings on Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets between Lincoln Center and Central Park—among them the YMCA and the Ethical Culture Society headquarters—and installing a huge landscaped mall that would open up sweeping views. "And," the authors recount, "if one were high enough in a building on Fifth Avenue, one could spy on the giant Chagalls that grace the Metropolitan Opera House. And it just so happened that Nelson Rockefeller's thirty-two-room duplex at 810 Fifth Avenue was high enough."

Lindsay resisted Rockefeller's pressure to condemn the buildings and proceed with the mall project, and their disagreement came angrily to a head over breakfast in the governor's living room one morning in the winter of 1967. Lindsay said the project was dead and buried. While the mayor and two assistants watched, Rockefeller rose and walked to the apartment window. "If you just didn't have that block there," they heard him say, "what a great thing it would be." They thought he was kidding, but Rockefeller soon showed he wasn't. He picked up a pile of books and threw them to the floor, Lindsay recalls, all the while shouting: "I know how to build, I know how to build."

A picture like that—one of many vignettes quick with life in this book—tells us as much as a thick volume about Rockefeller's inability to gain the Republican presidential nomination. He was not merely arrogant and insensitive in his approach to the solid middle-class Midwesterners and newly rich Southerners and Westerners who dominated the party's nominating machinery. He was insensitive on a mind-boggling scale, beginning with his self-defeating demand that Richard Nixon crawl to sign the infamous "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" during the 1960 Republican National Convention. Again, in the spring of 1963, when he married Happy, he sincerely expected that the GOP would permit him to have both the woman he loved *and* the presidency. He could not understand why the Republican matrons would rather follow Barry Gold-

Richard J. Whalen is the author of Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party *and* A City Destroying Itself: An Angry View of New York.

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water to disaster than accept his own perfectly reasonable personal behavior.

Without venturing into the psychobiographical swamp that the authors have prudently avoided, I am tempted to speculate that Rockefeller's lifelong hang-up probably has been the difficulty of framing a legitimate definition of failure. If money is all-important in politics, and Rockefeller's experiences in Albany tended to prove it was—and if something less than genius intellect, fierce determination, and bulldog persistence are sufficient qualifications for the presidency—why, then, did he fail? More terribly to the point: *how* could he, who had everything in abundance, lose to the likes of such second-raters as Nixon and Goldwater? From his childhood, spent on the baronial 3,000-acre Pocantico estate ("It's what God would have done if He'd had the money," commented the visiting George Kaufman), to the ever-upward progress of his early career as junior diplomat and HEW official, Rockefeller got what he wanted, when he wanted it. But from the age of fifty, he has known only frustration and failure.

It is almost impossible to empathize with a Rockefeller. In their massive, absorbing group portrait—*The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty*—Peter Collier and David Horowitz give us (among many insights) affecting portraits of the younger cousins who live in a different moral and political-cultural universe from Uncle Nelson's. These younger Rockefellers, typically as open as their elders are secretive, feel their wealth as an oppressive burden, an obstacle to self-realization, and not as an obligation and a duty, which was the charge laid upon the Rockefeller brothers as they came of age. But something in us, firmly rooted in American frontier egalitarianism or even further back in old-country class hatreds, will not sanction a pang of sympathy for the poor, troubled super-rich. *They do not know real trouble*, says an accusatory voice within us.

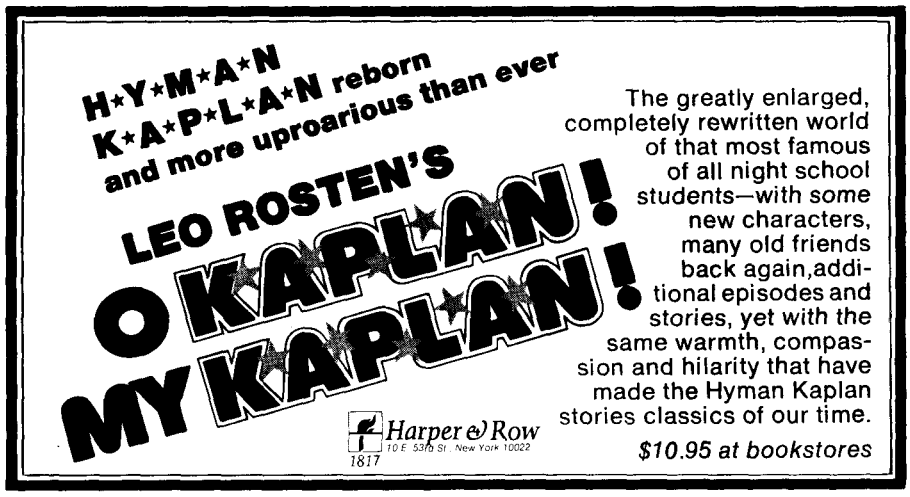
And, for that reason, they may, with the best intentions, inflict suffering on the rest of us. "Nelson's one great weakness," says a charitable friend, "is that, because of his circumstances, he has never known *real* pain, *real* suffering, *real* defeat. As a result, his world is an unreal world, a lopsided world. He is the embodiment of the great American illusion that all problems are soluble. . . ."

The fiscal condition of New York State bears witness to the reckless extravagance of the master-builder and problem-solver who subverted the democratic process by creating two-score autonomous public "authorities" that engaged in off-budget borrowing. The Urban Development Corporation borrowed on the strength of the state's "moral obligation," which proved fatally weak soon after Rockefeller left office. Perhaps it is impossible for a man with an *annual* income of $4.5 million to imagine the cash and credit running out. If so, he has no business handling other people's money.

Unfortunately, for all the good things in this book, it does not probe deeply and at length into Rockefeller's extraordinary semifeudal retinue and their important influence on his career. Thanks to the otherwise unenlightening congressional confirmation hearings, we know that he systematically cemented loyalties with large cash gifts. The authors tell us nothing about the human and power relationship between Rockefeller and his onetime staff aide Henry Kissinger. Although he has rocketed to superstar status, Kissinger remains close to his former patron, whose huge fortune represents permanency in the ever-shifting landscape of celebrity. When Kissinger at last relaxes his grip on power and moves on, he will probably take a position within the far-flung Rockefeller academic-philanthropic empire.

John Nance Garner, FDR's plainspoken Vice-President, once described his office in a pungent Texas phrase: "Not worth a bucket of warm spit." Why, then, did Nelson Rockefeller permit himself to become "standby equipment"? Obviously, he hoped to fulfill his own definition of success, and despite his humiliations at the hands of President Ford, his hope of succession survives. Indeed, if President Ford and right-wing challenger Ronald Reagan deadlock at the August GOP convention in Kansas City, it is just barely possible that Rockefeller—who has made his peace with Goldwater—could emerge as the nominee.

Nelson Rockefeller—the man with everything—is a difficult subject because he lacks ultimate import and substance, a neat summing-up. What is missing from the man is what is missing from his life. He is ambition incarnate, for no purpose beyond self-fulfillment; his biography may be capsuled in a word: candidate. ◉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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Why the cost of telephone service has gone up less than the cost of almost anything else.

In the late 1920's, in a Chicago factory, the history of industrial relations reached a turning point. The plant, the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, made telephones and telephone equipment for the Bell System. And in 1927 its managers had a puzzle.

The Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, scene of what one economist called "the most exciting and important study of factory workers ever made."

For more than two years the company had been studying plant lighting and its relation to efficiency. (It was the era of the "efficiency expert" and "scientific management.") Increases in illumination were followed by increases in production, as expected. But decreases in light levels were also followed by increases in production. Two young women even maintained good production under light no brighter than moonlight.

It became clear that light had only a minor effect, and that there were many other variables to be identified. To solve the puzzle, the company undertook a further study, carried on jointly with the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The researchers selected a group of six competent, experienced women, explained what they were trying to do, and requested their cooperation. Over a period of twenty-six months, the researchers added rest periods and snacks to the group's work schedule, shortened the work day, and then returned to the original schedule. The group showed an almost unbroken rise in average hourly production and also in total weekly production, even when the week was five hours shorter than at the start. At the end, their production was 30 percent above the beginning level.

The Hawthorne Experiments made it clear that the "scientific management" theory of the day relied too heavily on methods borrowed from the physical sciences. Two major conclusions are widely accepted now, but then their application to factory work was new:

People work better when they feel they are part of a team.

People work better when they feel what they are doing is important.

Today most businesses are aware of "group dynamics" and "job enrichment." But the lessons of Hawthorne have shaped

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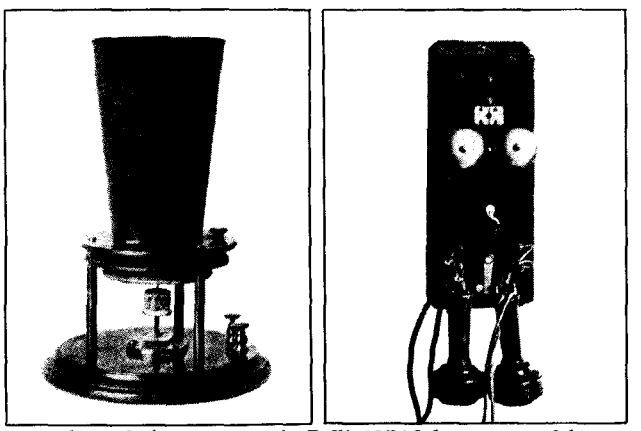
policy for many years, not just in Western Electric factories but in all parts of the Bell System. And the Bell System is still a leader in the exploration of factors affecting industrial productivity.

The prices of most telephone equipment made by Western Electric currently average 20 percent below the prices of other suppliers. Why?

New products for the Bell System are usually designed at Bell Laboratories, the research and development arm of the System. Bell Labs also sets quality standards. But at an early stage manufacturing engineers from Western Electric sit down with the designers and look for ways to save. All companies know that's the best time to cut costs; in the Bell System, that knowledge guides practice. The search for reduced costs continues after production begins. Every aspect of manufacturing is under constant reexamination. Western Electric's engineering cost reductions alone totaled $198 million in first-year savings in 1975.



An early improvement in Bell's 1876 laboratory model phone was the addition of a bell.

Yet none of these achievements would take place unless the people involved were convinced that it is important to produce good telephones at low cost. Phillip S. Babb of McKinsey and Co., management consultants, made this analysis in an interview published in the journal *International Management:*

> Western Electric has succeeded in making cost-cutting a central part of the ethos, the value system, by which their people live. Driving costs down—with retained high quality—is what they spend their working lives at. It is what they take their pride in. It is their way to the corporate top.

To put it another way, the business of the Bell System is providing good telephone service at reasonable cost; Western Electric's activities are directed toward that service goal, rather than toward simply making products.

That service goal characterizes all parts of the Bell System, including the twenty-three regional operating companies and the Long Lines Department. All the parts work closely together to achieve that goal, and all benefit as a result. The operating companies provide telephone service and report, through AT&T, to Bell Labs and Western Electric their needs and the needs of telephone users. Bell Labs and Western Electric design and manufacture equipment to meet known needs as well as the best estimates of expected needs. And the local companies are assured of having the products customers want. To use the vocabulary of the economist, vertical integration with organizational feedback enhances productivity throughout the Bell System.

Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, made a study of how this corporate structure affects costs for telephone service. According to their report, written in 1974:

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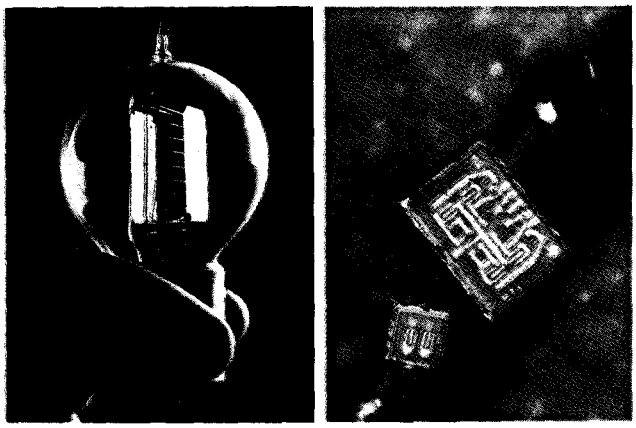
Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower



Western Electric's first commercially successful vacuum tube (left) was used in 1915 in the amplifiers that made possible the first transcontinental telephone call. Solid-state electronics, begun at Bell Labs, makes it possible for tiny integrated circuits (right) to do the work of many vacuum tubes.

prices....The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies.

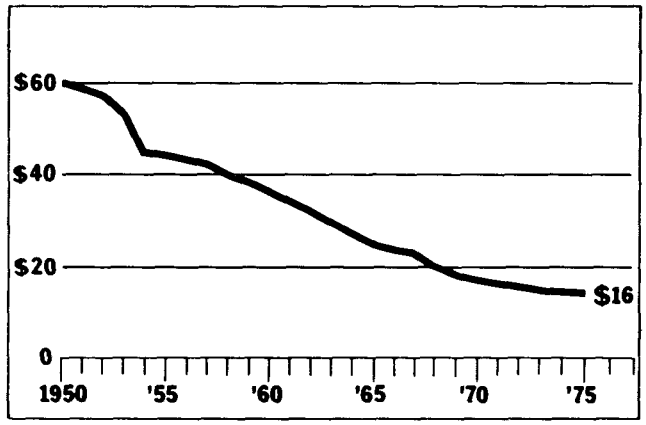
Another major factor affecting productivity is investment in new technology—in research and development. Bell Laboratories is recognized worldwide as one of the leading development and research institutions anywhere. The achievements of Bell Labs people have won two Nobel prizes, one for the demonstration of the wave nature of matter, and the other for the invention of the transistor.

The search for new and better technology has always been a part of the telephone industry. On March 10, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson achieved that famous first telephone message, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you." At once they began to improve the instrument, and make it more usable. The goal, then as now, was to provide good telephone service at a price almost every American could afford.

The effect of research and engineering on costs can be seen most readily by considering how it has changed methods of transmitting calls. Bell Labs scientists found ways to send many conversations simultaneously through a pair of wires, and later through coaxial cables. They incorporated microwave radio into transmission systems for long distance calls.

In just the last quarter century, such improvements have reduced the average cost per circuit mile of the Bell System nationwide long distance network from $60 to $16. (See graph.) The cost of the newest coaxial cable system is less than $2 per circuit mile.

Average cost per circuit mile of interstate transmission facilities.



But Bell engineers are not satisfied. Already they are preparing the technology for even greater economies and capacities when call volumes reach a level to justify using it. The new Comstar domestic satellite—being used jointly by the Bell System and GTE Satellite Corporation—in addition to standard communications traffic will

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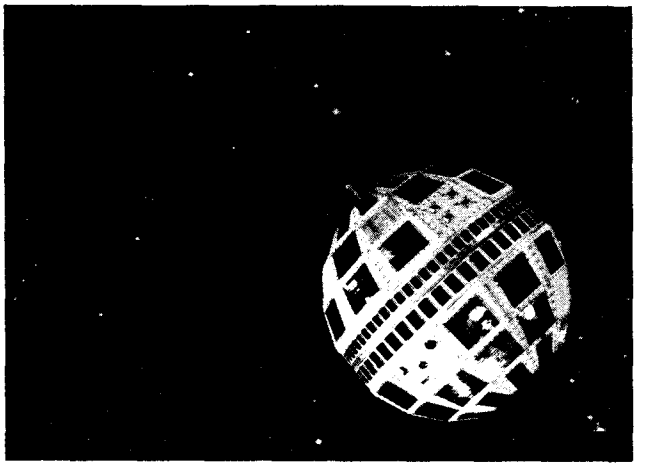
beam experimental signals to an extraordinarily precise antenna so that Bell Laboratories scientists can investigate super-high frequencies that could provide increased satellite capacity in the future. And new systems, using millimeter waveguides or laser light and glass fibers, are expected to reduce transmission costs and add new capacity also.

Another simple way to measure how technology improves productivity is to look at the number of Bell System people required to serve each 10,000 telephones. In 1925 it took 246. In 1958 it took 148. Today it takes 65.

Finally, the Bell System seeks to improve productivity by improving the methods used to manage the telephone business. For instance, the teamwork of Western Electric and Bell Labs people was cited earlier. To facilitate their interaction, some Bell Labs people work adjacent to Western Electric plants. A significant reduction has resulted in the time required to get a new design from drawing board to actual production.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on computerized information retrieval for the mountain of data connected with serving 118.5 million telephones. It is moving toward a standardized format for recording and storing data, to make more efficient use of computers.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on new methods of employee training, on the restructuring of jobs, and on



The Bell Systems's Telstar® satellite demonstrated the feasibility of using space satellites for communications.

efforts to build more responsibility, challenge and satisfaction into jobs at all levels. Experience to date indicates that these changes help people do a better job, reduce employee turnover, and consequently improve productivity as well.

That is exactly the result one would expect, on the basis of the 1927 Hawthorne findings. The Bell System has changed a lot since 1927. But it still emphasizes people, research, manufacturing efficiency and an organizational structure that fosters teamwork.

Data issued by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased 50% since 1965. That is two-and-a-half times the productivity increase of the United States economy as a whole.

In that same decade, the cost of living rose 75%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones.

One Bell System. It works.

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Books

Making Airwaves

The Good Guys, the Bad Guys and the First Amendment: Free Speech vs. Fairness in Broadcasting
by Fred Friendly
Random House, 268 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Av Westin

IF ONLY we had had the chance to be there: a speck on the wall in one of Fred Friendly's classes at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. Fred would undoubtedly have been exhorting, charming, cajoling, reminiscing about "Ed" (Murrow and Friendly, the incomparable team), being warmly challenging. It would have been like the old days when Fred was executive producer of "CBS Reports" and later president of CBS News. He used to have some of us sit around his office, and the ideas would spew out at the thousand-a-minute clip, and questions at the same rate would fill the room. It seemed to this younger member of that crowd that Friendly always knew the answer before he asked the question, that the question was really designed to keep the excitement bubbling. Yet, when a question went unanswered, Friendly would stare, hurt, as if betrayed. "I *gotta* tell you," he would begin . . . and that meant "Look out! He's *gotta* tell you you failed." "I *gotta* tell you," Fred would say, "it's your job to know those answers!" We always found the answers for Fred.

So it really is a turnabout to read that *Professor* Friendly of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism was floored by a question from a student asking *him* to describe the origins of the Fairness Doctrine. "I finally sought relief by saying that I did not know," Friendly writes in the foreword to his book, "and I promised to be better informed by next week." By his own calculations, it took him two years and "a twenty-thousand-mile excursion through the fifty-year thicket of regulatory history" to find some of the answers.

The travels of Fred Friendly have resulted in an important book for broadcast journalists, though even the most resolute reader should be warned that those "regulatory thickets" are not cleared out of the way. In fact, some of the detailed legal citations and "Writs of Certiorari denied" seem to add a few vines to the jungle.

Put that carp aside. This book should be read by every news director at local television stations, every producer of network documentaries, and every station manager. It probably will be on the library shelves of every journalism school that teaches broadcast journalism.

When you turn on your television set to watch the evening news or a documentary, you are seeing the results of journalism conducted under rules that require fairness and balance, provide for the right of reply in cases of personal attack, and, in elections, insist on equal time for all legally qualified candidates. The problem is that these particular rules are filled with exceptions, exemptions, and definitions. Government can and figuratively has moved in and out of the newsroom in contradictory ways. What's more, these rules apply only to broadcasting and not to newspapers. Therein lies the conflict set forth in the book: First Amendment protection for freedom of speech on radio and television runs head-on into FCC regulations, backed up by Supreme Court rulings.

Friendly takes us on a *tour d'horizon* of these regulations—in particular, the Fairness Doctrine, which directs radio and TV station licensees "to operate in the public interest," to devote a reasonable amount of time to coverage of controversial issues of public importance, and to do so fairly by affording a reasonable opportunity for contrasting viewpoints to be voiced on these issues. He does it with infinite care for detail and with the chronicler's painstaking step-by-step explanation of who said what, when, where, and to whom. It is important to understand the development of the cases which resulted in the regulations, and that is what makes the book valuable.

It would be particularly comforting to know that the real meaning of these regulations whose history Friendly reviews is clearly understood by television news directors around the country. The problem is, however, that too many of them do not really know enough about these guidelines. Few take the time to find out what rules and regulations apply and how far they can go in pursuing good stories, digging out scandalous facts about politicians, or calling individuals to ask for malfeasance. The Fairness Doctrine is used by too many station managers and news directors as an excuse to avoid controversial programming and to prevent aggressive newsmen from performing their jobs well.

AS THE title of the book implies, there are no good guys and no bad guys in the First Amendment vs. FCC regulation debate. There are many examples where FCC regulations and the Fairness Doctrine have resulted in bigoted station managers' being ordered to put "the other side" on the air. There are as many examples where the Fairness Doctrine has resulted in the emasculation of hard-edged reporting of controversial subjects because "the other side" might charge it was unfairly handled, a charge that could result in expensive legal defenses against a challenge to the station's license.

Fortunately for broadcast journalism, Friendly does not content himself with straddling the fence in his book. (He used to insist that we avoid "two-handed journalism—that is, on the one hand . . . on the other hand . . .") His conclusion: expect the American system to succeed once more, this time by resolving the clash between regulation and freedom of speech. The doctrine will wither away, helped along by new TV channels and cable, which will end the scarcity of channels. The Fairness Doctrine, he concludes, "has taxed the system . . . to its limits without achieving its goals. The government should seek the goals of free speech and fair debate but not by rigid rules of content."

With the turning of the last page of the book, the reader has been given the information with which to intelligently understand Fred Friendly's conclusions. It's all there. Now, if only the people in the broadcast business will read it. ◉

Av Westin was for seven years executive producer of television news at ABC and for three years vice-president of news documentaries at the same network.

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Warm-Puppy Feminism

It Changed My Life:
Writings on the Women's Movement
by Betty Friedan
Random House, 384 pp., $10

Reviewed by Sara Sanborn

EVERY woman in America, whether she knows it or not, owes Betty Friedan a debt of gratitude. I can't say (as I think she would like her readers to) that she created the women's movement; as events proved, the right people, ideas, time, and place had already been collected by history. But Friedan sounded the kick-off signal in 1963, with *The Feminine Mystique*, and she performed the writer's unique service by saying out loud what the rest of us had only nervously thought. Things have never been the same since.

Her second book, after thirteen years of organizing and action "in the mainstream" (as she stresses), is something of a history of the movement—and something of a valedictory to it. Primarily a collection of previously published writings and speeches, interspersed with recollections and commentary, this book should be profoundly reassuring to women who fear that the movement is the enemy of family and femininity. It will (if it's read at all) doubtless be jeered at as namby-pamby by the more radical feminists, who wrote Friedan off years ago. To those broadly concerned with the women's movement and women's changing estate, it will probably prove both interesting and disappointing. With me, I'm sorry to say, disappointment has the edge.

To begin with, the speeches reprinted here, stirring as they doubtless were at the time, now wear the outdated air of most campaign oratory after the fact. Further, to read one is pretty well to read them all. They do have a certain historic interest, as we now count history, but it is largely that of an exhibition of campaign memorabilia—one look is enough. Their careful preservation here (for what purpose? to persuade women living in 1976?) is in line with a self-justifying, even self-regarding, tone that runs through the book, as though Friedan were afraid we might forget our debt to her. There is a buried quarrel here with other feminists that is often alluded to but never really described or discussed, and the persistent but opaque references to wrongs committed by Gloria Steinem or Bella Abzug compound one's confusion about the purpose of the book.

There are ripe insights here for the gathering—Friedan's knowledge, for instance, that the "pathology" produced by demeaning sex roles (women's rage, hostility toward men, separatism) does not equal liberation from those roles; or her awareness that however much our daughters may benefit from the women's movement, "We did it for ourselves," and the doing of something for ourselves is the mark of our maturity. However, these good points and others like them lie in a bed of conceptual cotton, a muzzy background of vague good intentions that cannot substitute for a philosophical base.

Friedan started her career as a writer for housewives' magazines and began to incubate *The Feminine Mystique* (which took her five nervous years to write) when she realized that the seraphic vision of feminine life in the likes of *The Ladies' Home Journal* did not equal the life she and other women were actually leading. However, the mental habits of the ladies'-magazine writer have stayed with her. This book is marked by a failure of penetration and analysis that amounts to a refusal to work in those terms, and by a glorification of the purely and sometimes trivially personal that at times rises to soap opera. Her highest epistemological standard is every woman's own experience, and her highest hope for the future "a new YES to life."

In her own way, Friedan invokes warm-puppy verities as cloudy and sentimental as those of the Fluffy Fifties. She insists, for example, on the socially redemptive value of happy sex relations as though making love really were an alternative to making war. In the chapters that set forth her visits with Indira Ghandi, Simone de Beauvoir, and Pope Paul, she unwittingly makes the strongest case for the women's movement by showing herself a total Innocent Abroad, scarcely able to imagine the realities of power, painfully parochial and fastened on the personal. To Pope Paul she handed a women's-equality symbol, telling him happily that it was "a different kind of cross."

It is not necessary to be a radical feminist, a Marxist, or a conservative Catholic to find this book intellectually unsatisfying. But I should make a clear distinction (which I am not sure Friedan made in the writing) between her book and her work on behalf of women. I suspect that as a writer Friedan had one important book in her, and this one isn't it. I think that as an activist and a political mover, she's worth an auditoriumful of the people who pushed her out of active leadership in the National Organization for Women, which she helped found, and who have now proved themselves incapable of organizing a scavenger hunt. Friedan's understanding of, and sympathy for, the majority of American women—who want to love men and children and don't want to squeeze into the corset of an alien ideology—made her a tremendously effective speaker and activist. It may be that her years in that work dissipated her capacities as a writer, that enhancing the political possibilities narrowed the philosophical ones. In any case, we need her now, when men and women who could be educated and reassured by her are marching against the Equal Rights Amendment.

The best chapters in this book, and the most telling, are the first and last: "The Way We Were—1949" and "Scary Doings in Mexico City" (1975). The long way we've come in between, for better or worse, is in no small part Friedan's doing. More power to her. ◉

Sara Sanborn is a free-lance writer and critic.

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Books in Brief

A Voice from the Chorus
by Abram Tertz
Translated by Kyril FitzLyon and Max Hayward
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 328 pp., $10

ANDREI SINYAVSKY (who goes by the pen name Abram Tertz) was sentenced in 1965 to seven years in a labor camp for "manufacturing" anti-Soviet works, and served six of them. The present remarkable book, based on his letters from prison to his wife, and therefore written under the eye of the censor, consists of his reflections on art, religion, and life contrapuntally interspersed with demotic croaks from the largely criminal "chorus" he lived among. These last, unfortunately, clearly lose something in translation.

"Is it possible," Tertz asks, on a subject that obsesses him, "that art is the bright mating plumage in which life decks itself out with a view to its self-propagation?" Seeing the function of art as transfiguration rather than representation, he has a special feel for the magical properties of language, the worlds of myth and fairy tale, and nonrealistic literature and painting generally. But he has subtle, penetrating, and sometimes explosively illuminating things to say on an astonishing variety of topics—*Hamlet*, Swift, Defoe, Pushkin, Dostoevski; Irish myths; Rembrandt and the art of ancient Egypt; Russian Christianity and the Russian soul; and much besides. While his body was caged, his mind soared; yet the liberating effect of his book stems only partly from that impressive fact. —PETER GARDNER

Patience and Fortitude: Fiorello La Guardia
by William Manners
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
320 pp., $12.95

WHEN Fiorello La Guardia ran for Congress in 1922, his Tammany opponent, Henry Frank, accused him of being an anti-Semite, prompting La Guardia to call for a debate in the Jewish district to be conducted entirely in Yiddish—a language his Jewish opponent spoke not at all. His progressivism extended from providing jobs for the Depression's unemployed to requiring that milk-wagon horses be shod with rubber shoes and that Jones Beach lifeguards be able to swim. La Guardia was part naive immigrant, part maverick, and pure showman—the only politician besides FDR who knew how powerful the media could be in convincing the public that common sense and trial and error were the best paths out of the economic and political woods.

How he accomplished the task of momentarily lifting the Tammany machine off New Yorkers' backs is detailed in William Manners's new biography of "the Little Flower." But there is not a word on just what it was that drove La Guardia to take on the dragons rather than submit. The reader wants to know how Fiorello came by his gall, his impudence, and his ego in battling impossible odds. That he won is astonishing, but why he won is inspiring. Manners is so myopic about the mayor that he doesn't see the warts, much less the guts, of the man. —JOHN F. MARIANI

What Shall We Wear to This Party? The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit Twenty Years Before and After
by Sloan Wilson
Arbor House, 442 pp., $12.95

WHATEVER else it accomplishes, Sloan Wilson's autobiography demonstrates yet again the gnomic wisdom of F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous observation, "There are no second acts in American lives." For Wilson the curtain could hardly have gone up on a more promising *mise-en-scène*: a relaxed, affluent boyhood, first in New Canaan, Conn., and later in Ormond Beach, Fla.; parents with a solid Yankee background as well as reasonable literary credentials; a private-school education, followed by four years at Harvard; marriage to a socially prominent, well-connected Boston girl. Small wonder that Wilson rose quickly to a naval command during World War II and then moved on to desirable jobs at the Providence *Journal*, *Time*, and the University of Buffalo. Next came his much-disparaged but wildly popular bestsellers: *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* (1955), which made him famous, and *A Summer Place* (1958), which made him rich.

In the aftermath of this heady climb, Wilson's life deteriorated into alcoholism, debt, philandering, marital difficulties, and an almost complete literary eclipse. His only pleasures seem to have come from sailing—a lifelong passion—and his various back-street amours. However, unlike other American writers who couldn't live with success or without it (Ross Lockridge, Jr., Thomas Heggen, Fitzgerald himself), Wilson managed to survive. A happy second marriage and a resolute attack on his drinking problem have left him in optimistic spirits. It seems unlikely that he will ever regain the wide audience he had briefly in the fifties, but, if this testament can be believed, at least he has not succumbed to emotional or creative paralysis. His account of his struggle against both is occasionally dull but more often engagingly candid, with amusing anecdotes, knowledgeable commentary on sailing, and some moments of real drama in the segment on his wartime experiences. Moreover, at a time when "ethnic" consciousness fills the literary scene, it is a refreshing novelty to be reminded of what an old-fashioned Wasp upbringing was like. —ROBERT F. MOSS

Moses
by Anthony Burgess
Stonehill, 192 pp., $8.95

ONE of this year's books by Anthony Burgess is an epic poem on the life of Moses. Written as a basis for a film script, *Moses* is a stripped-down behemoth, a made-for-TV racing beast. Burgess foreshortens the desert wanderings and cuts out much of the biblical Moses-as-mouthpiece to focus on the drama of Moses the reluctant and embattled leader, the archaic father to whom something always happens. From exile to exodus, from Sinai to Pisgah, the pace is swift; the dialogue, short winded; the magic, right.

This old story is a good one, but Burgess is content to edit, rather than invent, a life for Moses. With minor characters—Pharaoh, Balaam the curser, tragic lovers Zimri and Cozbi—where creation is freer, Burgess does imagine an engaging interior life strangely lacking in Moses. Poet Burgess shouldn't frighten away prose readers; *Moses* has less verbal display than many of his novels. As for epic ambition: instead of the ways of God to men, Burgess in his foreword seeks to justify publishing this poetic preliminary to a film script.

—THOMAS LECLAIR

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Distinguished Poet

Houghton Mifflin has just brought out *New and Collected Poems, 1917–1976*, by our most distinguished older poet, Archibald MacLeish (born 1892). It is interesting to note that this volume of collected poems, albeit slightly longer, is priced at fifteen dollars, eleven dollars higher than the author's last collected, in 1952. No reflection on anybody—fact of life. Anyhow, all the poems are here: the long, big ones like "Conquistador" and "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," the political poems, the love poems, and twenty-seven new poems, most of them quiet ruminations on old age and its drawbacks. Here's one of two poems that share the same title, "The Old Gray Couple":

They have only to look at each other to laugh—
no one knows why, not even they:
something back in the lives they've lived,
something they both remember but no words can say.

They go off at an evening's end to talk
but they don't, or to sleep but they lie awake—
hardly a word, just a touch, just near,
just listening but not to hear.

Everything they know they know together—
everything, that is, but one:
their lives they've learned like secrets from each other;
their deaths they think of in the nights alone.

Great Ploy

Bound to Be Read, by Robert Lusty (Doubleday, August 13, $14.95), gave me one perfectly marvelous ploy that I've used with great success a half-dozen times. Here's how the author describes it:

> I was reminded of a distinguished American publisher who was irritated by Victor Gollancz's habit of making a precise appointment many months ahead. "My dear Victor," he replied to one such proposal, "I am very sorry, but I have to go to a funeral on that day."

When you pull this one, your victim will look at you for ten beats with a mixture of sympathy and puzzlement, which will gradually turn to suspicion, then disbelief, then exasperated amusement. One person looked at me for a few seconds, then asked in a tiny voice, "Who died?" Sir Robert Lusty recently retired after fifty years as one of England's top publishers, with the firms of Michael Joseph and Hutchinson. There's a lot of "book talk" about fellow publishers and his own particular authors: Joyce Cary, C. S. Forester, Arthur Koestler, Richard Llewellyn. The closest he gets to being ungentlemanly is:

> *The Snow Goose* remains far and away the best short book by Paul Gallico, some of whose later excursions into allegorical sentimentality required every now and again a certain editorial diplomacy.

You and Your Praying Mantis

A Practical Guide to Impractical Pets, by Emil P. Dolensek, D. V. M. and Barbara Burn, photographs by Bruce Buchenholz (Viking, August 25, $12.95), is, indeed, a most practical book. It is divided into two equal parts: the first, "Selecting a Pet," talks about the advantages and disadvantages of keeping different animals; the second gives down-to-earth advice on "Keeping a Pet." The book begins with a section on "Easy Pets": cats, hamsters, canaries, turtles, praying mantises, etc. Then come "Difficult Pets": dogs ("keeping a dog is not something to be undertaken lightly, and cannot be done properly in many households"), geese, horses, armadillos, parrots. Then we have "Impossible Pets": porcupines, badgers, cougars, monkeys, and the like. The book is full of fascinating and surprising lore. There's the parrot who "makes party noises whenever its owner gets on the telephone, with everything from uproarious laughter to the tinkle of ice in glasses, much to the owner's embarrassment." There's the information that a praying mantis is a surprisingly responsive pet, that a tarantula's bite is relatively harmless, and that "one New Yorker used to keep a tarantula on a leash made of string attached to a chair leg and managed to rid his entire apartment of cockroaches in a few days." Ferrets' lovemaking "would appall any sensitive, romantic soul": the male (the "hob") beats the female ("jill") into submission, often injures her, and carries on for hours. Armadillos can walk along the bottom of a stream for ten minutes. And "if you blow gently in a horse's nostrils and then place your arm across its neck, you'll be well on your way to reassuring it that you are friend and not foe."

H.L.M.

Political conventions were H. L. Mencken's meat; he could truthfully let loose with his favorite descriptive adjectives, calling the politicians clowns, jackasses, crackpots, and stinkers, and denouncing their oratory as balderdash and dismal baloney. As he does in *Mencken's Last Campaign*, edited and with an introduction by Joseph C. Goulden (New Republic Books, July 13, $8.95). He began covering conventions for the Baltimore *Sunpapers* in 1904 and wrote about his last in 1948—Truman, Dewey, and Henry Wallace, truly Happy Hunting. Mencken loathed Truman ("a shallow fellow"), favored Dewey, but not by much, and was aghast at Wallace (". . . one of the most thumping asses ever heard of in American politics"). This is the great volcano in its last eruption and, as always with H.L.M., fine reading. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 102

BASIL COTTLE:
(THE) PLIGHT OF ENGLISH

The customary newspaper report, "Her screams attracted a passer-by," should not—but does—suggest his comment, "Oh, you *do* scream nicely!"; and I have been assured that there was recently a brand of pastry-mix bearing the inscription "Enough for four persons of twelve little tarts."

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Artsletter

MUSEUM MILLENNIUM?

Museum administrators descended on Washington in force this year for their annual conclave, sponsored by the American Association of Museums. The moment and place could not have been more appropriate. Washington's museums are having a Bicentennial orgy this summer, and the AAM delegates had a dizzying time of it shuttling from one special show to another. What's more, the museum folk arrived at the nation's capital immediately after the long-mooted Museum Services Act had finally been passed by both houses of Congress.

As reported here previously ("Artsletter," May 1), that act authorizes the expenditure of federal funds to help meet the general expenses of running our museums. It's a landmark piece of legislation in that it specifically provides funding for the nitty-gritty of operations. Neither the Arts nor the Humanities Endowment has been keen on assisting museums with operating expenses, and both have restricted their support by and large to special project grants. The new act bypasses the Endowments by setting up a separate Institute of Museum Services and earmarking sums ($15 million in 1977, $25 million in 1978) to help keep museums open and running.

But mere passage of the bill—important though that is—does not put a penny in the museum till. The Ford administration has opposed this kind of general institutional assistance to museums, and Representative John Brademas—proponent of the Museum Services Act in the House—reminded the assembled museum delegates that "we have in the White House the most veto-prone President of modern times." Even if the bill is signed into law (which most observers expect, despite the administration's huffing and puffing), that does not yet yield any hard cash. The bill merely authorizes federal support for museums up to stipulated dollar ceilings. Congress must still appropriate the actual funds—and that hurdle, at a time when fiscal austerity is politically popular, may be the hardest of all to clear.

Senator Claiborne Pell, the other chief architect of the Museum Services Act, addressed himself to this dilemma when he told the administrators and trustees assembled in Washington that the time for exerting political pressure was at hand. "If I were you, and I believed that the future of museums could be benefited by increased federal assistance," he advised, "I would go about strengthening a political-action arm, which could speak for you in governmental circles and act as your advocate. As you know, it is sometimes difficult for the nonprofit community, under our tax laws and requirements, to bring its message and needs clearly to the Congress. The word 'lobby' is sometimes looked at askance. But it is the way of the world, and it can be a most effective and indeed indispensable help."

While the museum delegates were licking their chops at the prospect of securing ever-increasing government assistance, a cautionary warning came from S. Dillon Ripley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. "As museums come closer to success in establishing a precedent for government funding for services and for services rendered, it would be wise," he suggested, "to look ahead and consider that with federal funding come certain reciprocals: oversight, control, bureaucratic management, accountability, and increased administrative and overhead responsibilities. All governments and other very large granting bodies require this today. I would urge one and all to recall that the education apparatus in this country now suffers to an extent from vast federal support. Vast money produces regimentation and pedantry. Museums would do well to measure thus their independence against their eventual dependence on government funds."

It may be excellent advice, but it comes strangely from the head of an institution that receives almost $100 million a year in federal appropriations.

ARTS BRIEFS

Picasso's Picassos, the late artist's vast collection of his own works, have been appraised by a team of experts at $260 million. Included are 1,185 paintings, 7,089 drawings, 3,222 ceramics, and 1,128 pieces of sculpture. His six heirs are reportedly willing to put much of this collection in a special museum, provided the French government will make a suitable building available. The rest of the Picasso estate is said to be worth about $750 million. And to think that Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave. . . . Remember the Marx Brothers picture in which a symphony orchestra floats out to sea? Something like it will happen for real next May when the 105-member Los Angeles Philharmonic sails off on the Greek ship Daphne as the featured attraction on a two-week cruise of the Mediterranean. The price of a ticket ($1,800 to $4,300) includes admission to the orchestra's rehearsals and concerts under conductor Zubin Mehta. —ROLAND GELATT

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The Wagners of Bayreuth

1876-1976

by Irving Kolodin

This week, in the Bavarian town of Bayreuth, the world's oldest music festival turns 100. From the start the Bayreuth Festival has been consecrated to the works of one composer: Richard Wagner. And from the start it has been the Wagner family—first the composer himself, later his widow, son, daughter-in-law, and grandsons—that has kept the festival going.

Our centennial report on Bayreuth begins with a consideration of this talented, tenacious clan—"The Wagners of Bayreuth," by *SR* music editor Irving Kolodin. Next the distinguished German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau evokes the trials and triumphs of the first Bayreuth Festival. The section concludes with a survey by George Jellinek of the recordings made from the stage of Bayreuth over the past half century.

Culver

Richard Wagner, 1882—"His art was basically European rather than German."

OF ALL the people closely connected with the creation of a festival in Bayreuth, the one least likely to have expected it to last a century was Richard Wagner himself. The works—yes; the place—hardly. All the thoughts, all the hopes, most of the planning, were concentrated on a surrounding in which the first full production of his *Ring des Nibelungen* could be staged in 1876. The purpose was dual: to show that it could be done, and to establish a model for performances in a *permanent* construction to replace what was then designated as a "provisional theater." Two things converted the rough-hewn progenitor into a perpetual shrine: the completion of *Parsifal* for a Bayreuth production in 1882 and the composer's death soon after (in February, 1883), which mandated a living memorial.

What began, then, as an affirmation of one aspect of his art (the *Ring*) evolved into a glorification of all of it. Not that the world was lacking in opportunities of the same sort elsewhere (eventually including *Parsifal*). But as Bayreuth was the source from which the generative influence flowed, Bayreuth remained the place in which Wagner's creations could not only be protected, musically, from corruption by cuts or other abridgment but could also, subtly or not so subtly, be reshaped dramatically with changing times.

The symbol of such change for those now alive is, of course, the late Wieland Wagner, son of the composer's son and thus Richard Wagner's grandson, whose death in 1966 at the age of fifty leaves more than a shadow over the present celebration. But there were other Wagner men, as well as those who became Wagner women. By a curious paradox that persists into the present, the Wagner men—despite their teeming energy—have been less durable than the Wagner women: Cosima, the composer's widow, who endured to ninety-three, and whose son, Siegfried, outlived her by only four months; and Winifred, Siegfried's wife, who lives on in retirement, if not exactly in seclusion, aged seventy-nine, having suffered the anguish of her brilliant firstborn's death.

Indeed, if it had not been for Cosima's insistence that Siegfried marry to perpetuate the Wagner line, family control might have ended in 1930. Fortunately, he acceded, at the age of forty-six, in 1915. His choice was the English-born Winifred Williams, then eighteen, who bore him four children: Wieland (1917), Friedelind (1918), Wolfgang (1919), and Verena (1920).

Thus Bayreuth is a hundred-year continuum not only of Wagner but of Wagners—and of Liszts. For it must be remembered that Cosima, the composer's widow, was a daughter of Liszt, and, of course, that her son was also Liszt's grandson. The result is a strain compounded equally of determination and willfulness. Cosima managed to accomplish, within twenty years' time (1883–1903), the massive feat of adding, to the *Ring* and *Parsifal* produced during Wagner's lifetime, all his other mature works, from *Der Fliegende Holländer* to *Die Meistersinger*. This was perhaps the most crucial happening in the epochs of Bayreuth.

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By her act of determination, this imperious, stubborn woman (who had the fortitude to walk away from her gifted husband of twelve years, Hans von Bülow, because there was a genius named Wagner who needed her more) converted what might have been a short-lived phenomenon into a secular mecca for musical pilgrims the world around. The same tenacity caused her to cite, as tradition, things that Wagner might have said over tea; or to call upon Siegfried for their verification, though he could not have been more than seven years old when the cited incident occurred; or to promote, in fulfillment of her husband's passion for hearing the words of his works, the ghastly kind of vocalization that became internationally known as "the Bayreuth bark." But she did, in association with such musical counselors as Hans Richter and Hermann Levi (self-chosen by Wagner to conduct, respectively, the *Ring* and *Parsifal*), break away from concentration on German singers to welcome Lilian Nordica, an American, to sing Elsa in the first Bayreuth *Lohengrin* in 1894, and Marie Brema (born Minny Fehrmann, in Liverpool) as Kundry in the same year. Soon after came the first of a long line of Scandinavian singers, Ellen Gulbranson, as the most favored Brünnhilde from 1896 to 1914.

In this way, Bayreuth could contend that, over decades, it sought out and produced the best available performers, regardless of national pride. What if the *best* Lohengrin, Tristan, and Siegfried of the 1890s (Jean de Reszke) or the greatest King Henry, King Mark, and Hagen of the same period (his brother Edouard) appeared, by preference, at Covent Garden or the Metropolitan, or if such later luminaries as Lotte Lehmann, Michael Bohnen, Helen Traubel, and Gertrude Kappel never appeared at Bayreuth at all? Bayreuth's famous invisible orchestra (deployed on descending levels in a pit hidden from view by a curved hood devised by Wagner) and its incomparably resonant sound drew connoisseurs and professionals by train and by boat from the far ends of England and the Continent, America and Asia.

They included, as a matter of course, such men with a musician's curiosity as Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns, Hugo Wolf, Gustav Mahler, Puccini, Chabrier, Fauré, Chausson, and Busoni, and such not easily impressed iconoclasts as Shaw and Huneker. In 1899, Arturo Toscanini came with Giulio Gatti-Casazza to appraise *Parsifal* for performance in Italy, accompanied by Umberto Giordano (composer of *Andrea Chenier*). Richard Strauss at twenty-nine shared a Bayreuth indoctrination as a conductor in 1893, though he was already world-famous as the composer of *Don Juan*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, and *Tod und Verklärung*.

Planning, hard work, the kind of forethought that prompted Wagner to work with his cast over the two *years* preceding the first *Ring* cycle (and thus invent the role of opera producer)—all these were, of course, vital. But so was luck. The brief life expectancy of the auditorium which caused it to be made mostly of wood and plaster also endowed it with superb acoustics. When a simulation of Bayreuth was constructed in Munich in the 1890s (amphitheater seating, covered pit, and all) it was durably constructed of materials "guaranteed to last." It became famous, as the Prinzregententheater, for a sound as cold as the stone around the listeners.

Thus the criterion of excellence for which the founder strove—everything for art, nothing for show—was perpetuated by a surrogate who remained a presence at Bayreuth until she died after the festival had been in existence for half a century. Despite pronouncements to the contrary, Siegfried's first years of succession (1908–14) were more regency than reign. Very much remained as Cosima willed it. New artists were found and encouraged (beginning with a conductor named Siegfried Wagner), among whom were several more Americans of later note, especially Edyth Walker as Ortrud and Kundry.

A CONSENSUS of contemporary opinion on Richard Wagner's son would have given him creditable marks as a composer, distinction as a conductor, and a superlative rating as a human being. Anna von Bahr-Mildenburg, a great Brünnhilde (and sharer, with Gustav Mahler, of a tormented love affair in Hamburg during the 1890s), recalled him at Bayreuth in an endearing light: in lederhosen and yellow socks, appearing at the stage door of the theater after a lunch break to clap his hands and announce to the world-famous singers gathered there: "Come on, children, time to begin."

The goodwill and universal esteem that Siegfried enjoyed were powerful assets in Bayreuth's *tiefer Not*: the financing required after World War I to get a festival started in 1924. In the manner of his illustrious father, Siegfried toured, conducted, exhorted for money to carry on the perennial renewal of roofing, plumbing, and masonry required to protect the precious auditorium and to enlarge backstage facilities, as well as to fund rehearsals. In times of tribulation he disclaimed likeness to his famous namesake by saying he had smashed no anvils, slain no dragons. "At the same time," he

Courtesy of Opera News

Culver

Cosima (right), the composer's widow—"A strain compounded equally of determination and willfulness." Siegfried (above), her and Richard's son—"Dared to open the old house to fresh winds of change."

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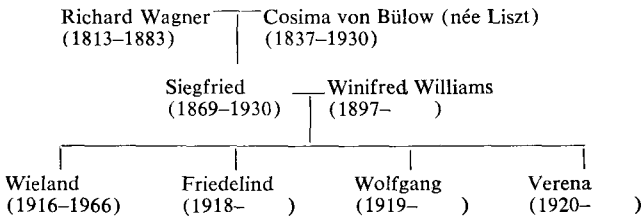
added, "I hope I have not been unworthy of my name, for at least I am not given to fear." A campaign to find 5,000 persons willing to subscribe 1,000 marks each revealed a cross section of Bayreuth's supporters in such contributors as ex-Kaiser Wilhelm rusticating in Doorn, Holland, playwright Gerhard Hauptmann, and conductor Artur Nikisch.

Siegfried Wagner also dared to open the old house to fresh winds of change by replacing the traditional scenery of *Parsifal*, seeking visual imagery in such new resources as projections, and even welcoming a microphone to produce the first Bayreuth recordings—in 1927 (see page 36). Most venturesome of all was his initiative in proposing to Germans, who held Wagner and Bayreuth dear, that there was a Latin conductor capable of matching the best of their countrymen. Arturo Toscanini's vitalization of *Tannhäuser* in 1930 was so compelling that the force of his personality flows through the many pages of the score recorded that summer, though the hand that held the baton for those sessions was not his but that of a stand-in, Karl Elmendorff. *Tristan und Isolde*, heated to an intensity rarely heard before in Bayreuth, brought together, that summer of 1930, such collaborators as Lauritz Melchior, Alexander Kipnis, Rudolf Bockelmann, and Nanny Larsen-Todsen. Toscanini, being Toscanini, knocked heads together, complained of inadequacies in the orchestral personnel, praised singers one day, cursed them the next. But he mourned with the family when Siegfried died on August 4, 1930, and he promised to return the following summer to conduct *Parsifal*.

Here was audacity on the highest scale. An Italian to conduct *Parsifal*? It had been, for thirty years, the special province of Karl Muck—as George Jellinek points out in his accompanying article. With Wilhelm Furtwängler, Bayreuth's new artistic director, as host and co-lion as conductor of *Tristan*, the legacy of Bayreuth seemed renewed and regenerated. But the cycle of epochs, insofar as Wagner's own bloodlines could extend them, unfortunately ran out at a time when Bayreuth might have risen to new heights, rather than falling to a nadir of world repute. Whether Siegfried died too soon or Winifred (who fell heir to his role) lived too long, the outcome was the same. Toscanini left in anger after a falling-out with Furtwängler.

The Wagners of Bayreuth



The year 1932 was one of a lapse, as was then customary every third year. Whether Toscanini might have returned in 1933 to fulfill his lifelong ambition to conduct *Die Meistersinger* in Bayreuth can only be conjectured. That ambition was thwarted by the rise to power of Adolf Hitler, who had been welcomed to Bayreuth as a promising young politician as long before as 1921. Flattery and self-interest commended Hitler, his policies, and his Wagner-passion to Winifred. Many prior participants migrated, the festival became a charge on the Chancellor's own purse, the summer renewals a manifestation of his concern for German *kultur*, a place in which to revel in the "peaceful" adulation by its public and—worse to say—to sow seeds that are still bearing bitter fruit. Rather than being the world festival it was born to be, Bayreuth became an extension of German community concerns in the middle and late thirties, with Heinz Tietjen as primary artistic influence in alliance with Winifred. In 1939 the mutual Axis interests of Mussolini and Hitler brought Victor de Sabata from Italy to conduct *Tristan*. The perversion of Wagner and Wagnerism reached its grisly height on May 1, 1945, when the captive German radio played endlessly, in the usurper's memory, the funeral music for Wagner's "highest hero," Siegfried.

What Bayreuth had been, Bayreuth could be—especially if there was a Wagner with the imagination, the insight, and the talent worthy of the name he bore. That there was such a one was no miraculous reincarnation of the legendary sleeping giant who would, Barbarossa-like, come to Germany's aid in a time of crisis. It was, rather, the fulfillment of a wholly human cycle by which Wieland Wagner had lived through the events of the thirties and forties. First it was as Hitler's favorite among Siegfried's children (being the oldest, he was predestined to rule Bayreuth one day); then as an aspiring painter; eventually, with marriage and responsibilities, as a worker in a small theater, learning his craft from the ground up. He also improved his musical knowledge, studied intensively, grew—and waited.

The opportunity, in conjunction with the American Occupation authorities, came in 1951. Wolfgang, who also aspired to rank as a producer, was better at business than Wieland and put most of his effort into planning, administration, and staff. For this first postwar festival (which would include *Parsifal* for the first time since Hitler had banished it in 1940), Wieland's allies included such well-known singers as Ludwig Weber (a great Gurnemanz), Hermann Uhde (Klingsor), Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Eva in *Die Meistersinger*), and, as conductors, the durable Hans Knappertsbusch and the rising Herbert von Karajan. The new talent Wieland found rang bells and reaped praise for years to come: Martha Mödl (Kundry), Wolfgang Windgassen (Parsifal), Gerhard Stolze (a Knappe in *Parsifal*), the little-known George London (Amfortas), and Leonie Rysanek (Sieglinde in the first postwar *Walküre*).

But the most productive of his allies received no billing. In a defiance of convention as strong as his father's sponsorship of an "Italian" conductor, Wieland embraced the principles of the great Swiss-born designer Adolphe Appia. He thus reversed the edict of the imperial Cosima, in the 1890s, that there was no place for them, or for Appia, at Bayreuth. In a gesture as rare as it was generous, Wieland gave abundant acknowledgment to the precepts of Appia (who had died in 1926) when he wrote in a Bayreuth brochure of 1955: "What the Swiss scenic artist Adolphe Appia called for—the stage of stylized space arising out of the music and out of three-dimensional feeling, his conception of the symbolic power of color and light in rhythmically controlled space—these are the first steps toward a reform of operatic production which led logically to 'the new Bayreuth style.' "

What was truly triumphant about Wieland's *"Neue Stile"* was more than the extent to which it let darkness, as well as light, into the Festspielhaus itself. As Geoffrey Skelton has painstakingly detailed in *Wieland Wagner: The Positive*

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Sceptic (St. Martin's Press, New York, 1971), such a breakthrough had been in the offing for Bayreuth since Wieland's first *Ring* production in Altenburg in 1944. No remnants of Altenburg's old, tattered settings being usable, Wieland ventured to produce the massive works on a totally bare stage. This creative response to practicalities was a forerunner of the future, when Bayreuth's preparations to reopen reaped a harvest from German manufacturers of lighting equipment. Here, too, what was most readily available became a source of imaginative power and made Bayreuth once again a crucible of theatrical innovation.

Even more remarkably, what had been conceived to deal with the wonders of Wagner's natural (and supernatural) world invaded opera houses and repertories everywhere. The flat disc with its possibilities of fragmentation into as many pieces as there was symbolism in the *Ring* has not only been emulated in productions of the *Ring* elsewhere, including Karajan's in Salzburg and New York. It has also become a universal unifier of stage action, for better or for worse, down to the latest production of Verdi's *Aïda* at the Metropolitan. Here is an explicit instance of the extent to which Bayreuth's preaching can become the practice of others. Once again, under the leadership of Wieland Wagner, Bayreuth became a central powerhouse of ideas and energies for a worldwide community of aesthetic clients.

With this new surge of identity came an expanded latitude for what could be accommodated within the structure of the festival. One of Cosima's innovations in the 1890s was the establishment of a school to train talented musicians for Bayreuth's needs. A contemporary counterpart with a somewhat different purpose, to train not singers (Wagner is *not* for young voices) but aestheticians, musicologists, and designers, was the seasonal *Meisterklasse* under the supervision of Friedelind Wagner, which flourished from 1957 until 1967. With Wieland's death in 1966, there is now a place for neither Friedelind nor her classes in Bayreuth. They have been reconstituted in Norton, Stockton-on-Tees, England, where a first group of students for a complete academic year beginning in October, 1977, will soon be enrolled.

As FOR centennial Bayreuth itself, it is to have a new *Ring* directed by Patrice Chereau, of Lyons, and conducted by Pierre Boulez. Queried during a March pre-festival visit on the visual treatment of this *Ring*, Wolfgang (blue-eyed, ruddy in complexion, looking more and more, in his mid-fifties, like Richard Wagner) responded: "It will be very different from what has been done in the past." Asked whether any graphics, *maquettes,* or *bozzetti* were visible, he smiled and said: "It is a secret till the premiere—like Paris, the new fashions are never seen before the first show." This reference to a Parisian procedure invited a question on the choice of a French conductor and director for this momentous occasion. The response came readily: "In the mind of Richard Wagner, his art was basically European rather than German. A centennial *Ring* could best be served by inviting participation from France, where intellectual standards are very high."

In all his responses (in German, for which a translator was sitting by) there was a curious vacillation in references to the one from whom all blessings flowed. Sometimes it was "grandfather," sometimes "Richard Wagner," with no clear pattern of purpose governing the manner of allusion.

Gunter Englert

Wieland Wagner, the composer's eldest grandchild—"New surge of identity."

Would new scenic concepts have a strong part in Bayreuth's future? The reply was: "New scenic projection is part of Bayreuth's history. *Grossvater* had the problem too. He was not content with the first festival; he would have done it [the *Ring*] differently another time. Despite all the technical improvements, the single figure, Man, will be the center of every production." What of the philosophic and aesthetic principles of Richard Wagner: are they as durable today as they were a hundred years ago? To this, Wolfgang took a moment to digest the translator's version in German of what had been posed in English, then said: "Of course today, where conditions change rapidly, externals alter. But human problems remain the same. As long as human beings are not robots, the human problems will not change, and the manner in which Richard Wagner confronted them will endure."

Of all his grandfather's innovations, what, he was then asked, could be said to project his influence furthest into the future? Wolfgang was both decisive and prompt in saying: "It was of the greatest importance that Richard Wagner improved the social condition of the artist as a creative individual, and this is perhaps his greatest accomplishment as an artist. Richard Wagner was the first musician to regard himself as a *Künstler* (artist), not as a craftsman. Today this is taken for granted. It is not that conditions today are ideal. But artists are much freer to express themselves because they are *independent.*"

With the durability of the works and the soundness of their human content affirmed, did he foresee difficulty in finding singers of the quality required to bring them to life? In Wolfgang's view, "The standards of singing have changed very much. Without doubt the standard is higher today because of recordings, tapes, film, television. The public expects more." Were all singers required to audition before being engaged? "Yes," he confirmed. "This is a special house with very special requirements. We must hear the singer in this theater. There has been only one exception," he added. "Astrid Varnay [referring to the soprano of Hungarian parents, educated in Jersey City, N. J., with a

Continued on page 38

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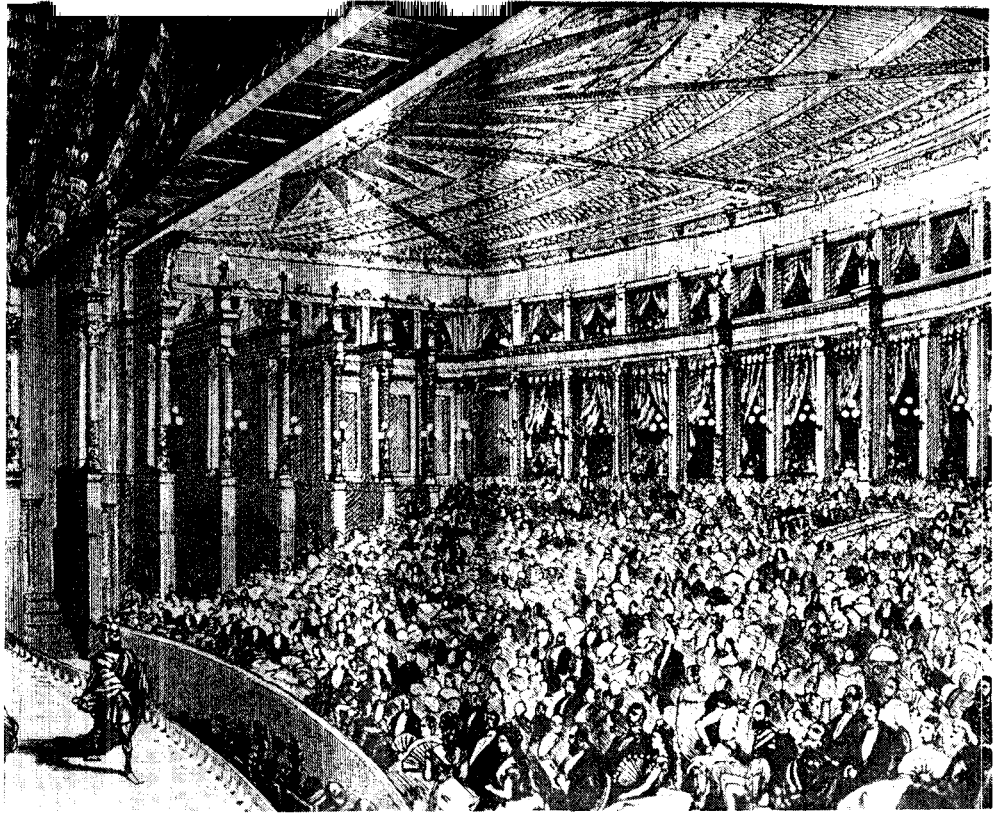

Bettman Archive

The First Festival

In 1876 it turned out to be part miracle, part catastrophe

by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

IN LATE July, 1876, the great German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche undertook a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. Later, he described what he had expected to find there:

> In the picture of that tragic artwork of Bayreuth, we see the struggle of individuals with all the things that confront them as seemingly invincible necessities, the struggle with power, law, convention, contract, and entire hierarchies of things. Individuals cannot lead a finer life than when they make themselves ripe for death and sacrifice themselves in the struggle for justice and love. . . . Art does not exist for the struggle itself, but for the intervals of calm prior to and during the struggle, for those minutes in which one retrospectively and presagingly comprehends the symbolic, and in which a refreshing dream draws near to us with the feeling of a faint weariness.

Nietzsche had come to Bayreuth with the hope that Wagner and his art would be presented there in a new way. He was thrilled by the vision of a festival at which both performers and spectators would be extraordinary and admirable, united in feelings raised to an enormous pitch. But, as he later noted, "I was forced to experience the bitterest disappointment. The excess of ugliness, distortion, and overexcitement repulsed me vehemently."

The cornerstone ceremony at Bayreuth four years earlier, in 1872, had raised hopes that people of the same conviction would gather at the *Festspiele*. But when the festival itself opened, the masses had come, not the "chosen few." These masses left a decisive stamp on the events, both at the Festival Hill and at Wahnfried. Amorous, bored, unmusical patrons and patronesses mingled with the wealthy do-nothings of Europe as though Bayreuth were the scene of a sporting event—merely a further pretext for idleness. And Wagner's music, with its secret and persuasive sexuality, appeared as a device for binding together a society in which everyone was merely out for pleasure. The people who mattered all but vanished amid the elegance.

Wagner had to hold mass audiences because the throng of personal visitors in Wahnfried was much too big. On the first day of the festival, more than 500 calling cards were left at Wahnfried. Committed Wagnerites could be seen gathering every evening at Angermann's beer hall, pounding their fists on the table, menacingly raising their steins, and ready to take arms at the slightest deviation from the strict Wagnerian code.

Let us mix into the festival throngs for a moment.

On the night of August 6, King Ludwig arrived at Bayreuth in his special train. His presence was not to be revealed anywhere. Extremely shy and antisocial, he avoided any contact with the crowd. Even a drive through the streets of the decorated town was unbearable. Wagner welcomed his former friend at the railroad station. Deeply moved, he uttered his gratitude to the king for his willingness to attend the dress rehearsals for the sake of the project. Alone with the illustrious guest, he drove up the old Promenade, past *Rollwenzelei* (once the refuge of Jean-Paul Richter, the German novelist), and on to the *Eremitage*. Here, in the pleasure palace of the Margravine of Bayreuth, the king took up his abode, far enough from the town, in the middle of a park that was easy to "close off." The king, accustomed to working by night and sleeping by day, kept Wagner for a private conversation until morning.

The next potentate arrived one week later, on August 13, together with the flood of festival visitors: Kaiser Wilhelm

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Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is the outstanding German baritone of our time. This article is adapted from his book Wagner and Nietzsche, *to be published by The Seabury Press in October. English translation copyright © 1976 by The Seabury Press, Inc.*

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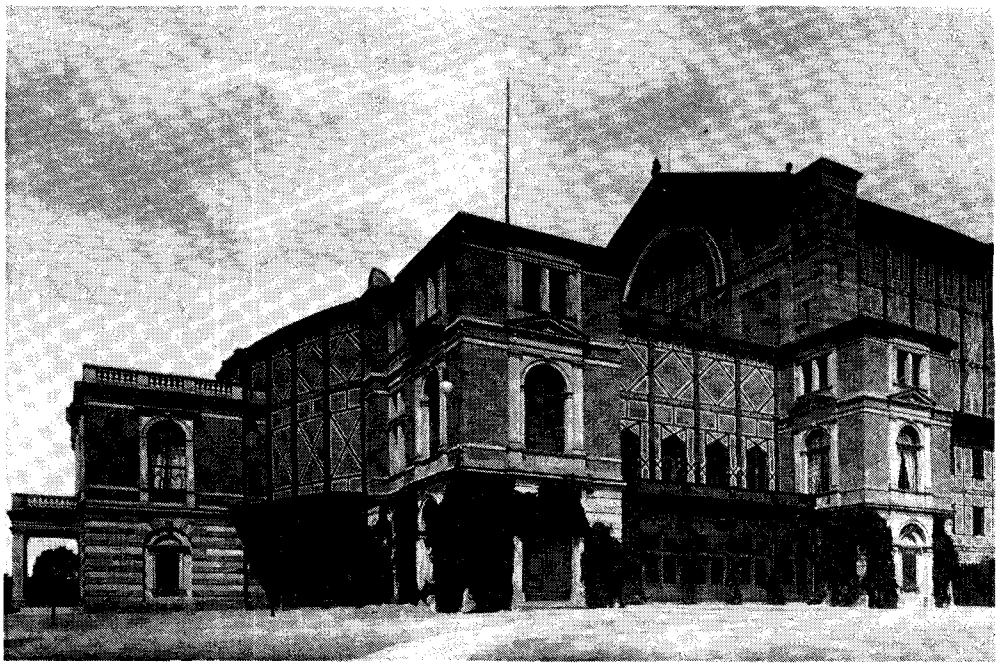
I. Although anything but close to Wagner's art, the old gentleman considered it his duty to attend the opening of the *Festspiele*. Ludwig, the ruler of Bavaria, could not get himself to receive the German emperor. He left right after the rehearsals as secretly as he had arrived.

At 4 P.M. on the dot, on the thirteenth of August, 1876, the curtain rose on *Rheingold*. What everyone except for a handful of devotees had considered absurd five years earlier, Wagner's own theater away from the world, was now a reality —with certain qualifications. The political triumph seemed greater than expected. People were bowing to Wagner's achievement. In the past, princes had certainly had artists come to them; never had princes gone on a pilgrimage to an artist and his work in a provincial nest. For all the criticism of certain artistic defects, most of the visitors admired the courage and persistence with which Wagner had driven his project to its goal. Wagner's disappointment was due in part to a suspicion that this admiration for his energy rather than his artistic deed was the real reason for the universal interest.



Culver

The Bayreuth Festspielhaus—"*Wagner's own theater away from the world.*"

Much about this festival was merely a tentative start. No one was more aware of this than Wagner. He was filled with gratitude toward his artists. Thus he acknowledged: "Everything has a beautiful, deeply inspired will here, and it created an artistic obedience that someone else might not so easily ever encounter again. . . . A wonderful magic made all of us good."

Nonetheless, Wagner had to put up with the fact that nearly all the singers were not yet capable of the delivery that he was aiming for and that ultimately became known as the "Bayreuth style." The settings seemed both grotesquely overdone and touchingly primitive, although unmistakably ahead of what was usually seen on opera stages. The dragon in *Siegfried*, taken terribly seriously in the music, provoked laughter from the audience—a reaction that Eduard Hanslick of the Viennese Brahms party naturally registered with great contentment. Nietzsche laconically voiced his impression of the dress rehearsal: the dragon lost a great deal when it became visible. With disgust he turned away from the Nibelungen clan, "wild animals with seizures of sublimated tenderness and profundity."

The sunken orchestra proved its mettle. The auditorium, ascending like an amphitheater, made a sensation—and even more so the darkness during performance—a revolutionary innovation. The spectators were taken aback at having to sit in the dark—and not be seen. They were amazed that there was no applause while the curtain was up and that the singers didn't bow after every "aria" (a thing which didn't exist anyway). At the end, no "curtains" were counted up; the onlookers went away in lugubrious silence.

The organization of facilities generally mired down. The city had done its best, but it simply wasn't prepared for so many and such spoiled visitors. There was a dearth of hotels. A free-for-all broke out over every ham sandwich during intermissions. The fanatic "Wagnerites" with their slouched hats and long hair added a comical touch. All this met with vicious criticism.

NEVERTHELESS, the first Bayreuth *Festspiele* ended in good cheer. A huge banquet once again united the circle of friends who had stayed till the finish, and Wagner gave a speech. The next speaker was Liszt, whom Wagner had touchingly extolled as one of the noblest spiritual and material supporters of his work. Liszt gracefully uttered a few words: as he bowed to Dante and Michelangelo, thus must he bow to the genius whose achievement they had just experienced.

The expected throng did not come for the performances later that season. Empty rows of seats demonstrated the effects of nasty press accounts and exorbitant prices of admission. Wagner had to resign himself to the fact that the improvements in later performances went unnoticed; for months the newspapers had turned a harsh light on all the difficulties and foretold a catastrophe. Wagner was also dissatisfied with Carl Brandt's technical performance and with the musical delivery. Cosima's diary claims that "Richter was not sure of *a single* tempo," that Richard was "very depressed, he says he would like to die." Furthermore, the catastrophic deficit rose by hundreds of thousands of marks. In December of that year, 1876, Wagner made plans to put everything up for sale and leave Bayreuth for the Royal Theater in Munich.

When the supposed conquering hero took his family for a vacation in Italy after the close of the *Festspiele*, more and more dismal tidings arrived about the financial failure of the summer. A repeat was out of the question. As in 1874, the undertaking was on the verge of collapse. A call to the "patrons" went unheeded. Wagner covered part of the deficit by reluctantly allowing the *Ring* to be produced outside of Bayreuth. Vienna, Munich, and Leipzig obtained permission.

Soon after the festival, in a letter to Wagner, Nietzsche wrote: "Behind the great event lies a streak of blackest melancholy, which one certainly cannot escape rapidly enough in Italy, or in work, or in both." ◉

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Bayreuth on Records

Microphones onstage have been preserving the sounds of Bayreuth since 1927

Siegfried Lauterwasser

Die Meistersinger, *1974—"Latest entry in the recorded annals."*

by George Jellinek

WHEN Bayreuth opened its gates in 1876, Thomas Alva Edison had not even begun experimenting with his primitive tinfoil phonograph. Once recordings had become a reality, however, some of the leading stars of Bayreuth's opening season went on to become the early stars of the infant record industry as well. Lilli Lehmann, who sang the modest roles of Woglinde, Helmwiege, and the Forest Bird in the first complete *Ring*, was the most prominent among them; the voice of Marianne Brandt, the creator of Waltraute in the first *Götterdämmerung*, also survives on three Pathé cylinders. In time, recordings appeared by tenor Hermann Winkelmann (the first Parsifal, 1882), his successor, Ernest van Dyck (the only Bayreuth Parsifal between 1888 and 1912), baritone Karl Scheidemantel (Amfortas, 1886), Johanna Gadski (Eva, 1889), and Anton Van Rooy (Wotan, 1897). In 1904, there were actually some recordings made *in* Bayreuth during the festival season—individual excerpts by several principals, including Wotan's "Abendlich strahlt" from *Das Rheingold* by Theodor Bertram (available on Preiser CO 316).

But these are all elusive curios, as are other hard-to-find acousticals (though sometimes handily collected on LP reissues) by such Bayreuth eminences of the early 1900s as soprano Barbara Kemp, contralto Ernestine Schumann-Heink, tenors Erik Schmedes and Jacques Urlus, and bass Paul Knüpfer. A great deal of valuable singing is captured on these early discs, but of course the reproduction of the Wagnerian orchestra is woefully inadequate. A new era dawned in 1925, when recordings became electrified, and it was inevitable that the shock waves of the revolution would soon reach Bayreuth.

The Columbia label scored first, with eleven twelve-inch shellac discs recorded at Bayreuth in 1927. These recordings contain excerpts from *Parsifal* and the *Ring*, with the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and Chorus under Dr. Karl Muck, Siegfried Wagner, and Franz von Hoesslin. To an era never previously exposed to riches of such abundance and authenticity, these excerpts were revelatory in terms of style and sound. Years would pass before a *Ride of the Valkyries* would match the completeness of the version conducted by von Hoesslin (Columbia 67374). Instead of yet another "orchestral arrangement" (like several others of this familiar item already in the early catalogs), this edition combined the stirring fullness of the orchestra with the voices of the Valkyries, and the overall effect was further enhanced by the natural resonance of the famous Bayreuth acoustics. Less showy perhaps but no less imposing were the *Parsifal* excerpts, which embraced the Transformation, Grail, and Flower Maiden scenes, the Prelude to Act 3, and the Good Friday Music—all superbly conducted by Muck and Wagner. (The Good Friday Music, with Alexander Kipnis as the sonorous and eloquent Gurnemanz and Fritz Wolff a competent Parsifal, has been reissued on Seraphim 60124.)

Encouraged by the success of this initial venture, Columbia returned to Bayreuth to record *Tristan und Isolde* in 1928 under the direction of Karl Elmendorff. There were cuts, particularly in the third act, but hungry Wagnerians feasted on the two bulky albums bursting with the total of nineteen heavy and breakable shellacs that made up Columbia Masterworks Set No. 101. The Bayreuth production of *Tristan* was already in its second year under Elmendorff, and its recorded documentation certainly represents accomplished performance. The orchestral statement is above reproach, as are the exceptional Kurwenal of Rudolf Bockelmann and the distinguished King Marke of Ivar Andrésen; unfortunately, the Tristan (Gunnar Graarud) and Isolde (Nanny Larsen-Todsen) belong in the minor leagues. Yet, with all its limitations, this was the only comprehensive *Tristan* on records until the advent of the LP, when it went first into a reprint edition and then into oblivion.

Columbia's last prewar Bayreuth venture, in 1930, netted the first complete *Tannhäuser*, using the 1861 Paris version, somewhat abridged on eighteen records. (The most unaccountable omission, considering the availability of the excellent bass Ivar Andrésen, was the Landgrave's address.) This was Toscanini's first Bayreuth season, and the recorded *Tannhäuser* is essentially his production. Although he did not conduct the recording (due to contractual complications, no doubt), the performance—under Elmendorff's direction—reflects Toscanini's markings and accents. The casting, too, is impressive, particularly the Elisabeth of Maria Müller and the Wolfram of Herbert Janssen. Young Erna Berger, in her recording debut, makes an enchanting cameo appearance as the Shepherd. Admittedly, Sigismund Pilinsky in the title role was no Melchior, but neither were the various tenors who were to follow him as recorded Tannhäusers in the years to come. It is a pity that this important document has never been reissued in long-play form.

There was no Bayreuth Festival in 1932,

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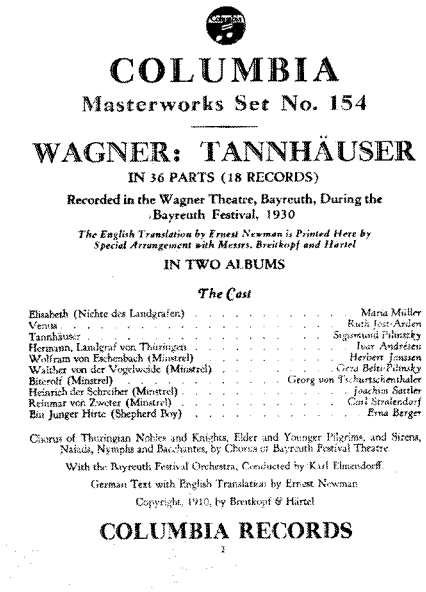
and when music returned there in 1933 the world was a different place. Hitler had come to power and Bayreuth had lost not only Toscanini but also singers like Melchior, Kipnis, List, and, eventually, Leider and Janssen. During the gala season of 1936 (the Olympic year), the programs offered *Parsifal*, *Lohengrin*, and the complete *Ring* under the shared leadership of Wilhelm Furtwängler and Heinz Tietjen, Bayreuth's new chief producer. It was clearly an occasion for new recordings, particularly since *Lohengrin* had returned to Bayreuth after an absence of twenty-eight years. What emerged from these productions were ten 78-rpm sides of *Lohengrin* and four sides each from *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, all on the German Telefunken label (eventually transferred onto LPs TH 97003 and TH 97008).

The sound on these Telefunken LPs is still quite decent forty years after the fact. For listeners in 1936 it was overwhelming. Germany's Telefunken discs enjoyed worldwide admiration in those days for their technical superiority, and in the Bayreuth recordings the company's engineers succeeded masterfully in capturing the resonant *Festspielhaus* acoustics for home listeners. The musical results were also impressive. Whatever the reasons may have been for bypassing Furtwängler, the fact remains that Tietjen conducts these excerpts very well indeed. Franz Völker's outstanding Lohengrin offers a rare blend of mellifluous line and heroic timbre, ideal but very elusive in this particular Wagner part. Maria Müller, at age thirty-eight, is still a fresh-voiced Elsa, and Josef von Manowarda a first-rate King. Müller and Völker are also heard in the admirably rendered closing scene from the first act of *Die Walküre* (from "Winterstürme" to the end), running a close second to the Lehmann-Melchior-Bruno Walter performance recorded a year earlier in Vienna. The sturdy Siegfried of Max Lorenz rounds out this particular set of Bayreuth souvenirs from an era not otherwise associated with bright reminiscences.

With Hitler's enthusiastic support, the Bayreuth Festival remained in operation until 1944, with Heinz Tietjen as artistic director. The program, however, was reduced to a single work during the 1943 and 1944 seasons: *Die Meistersinger*, with Wilhelm Furtwängler and Hermann Abendroth as alternating conductors. One of the 1943 performances under Furtwängler was preserved in some form, for it has just been released (slightly cut due to technical reasons) by EMI-Electrola in Germany. Apart from its promising cast (Max Lorenz as Stolzing, Maria Müller as Eva, Jaro Prohaska as Sachs), it is particularly significant to add Furtwängler's only Wagner-in-Bayreuth recording to the festival annals. When he returned for the first postwar season, in 1951, he conducted not opera but Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—a superlative performance that, fortunately, was recorded and is still available (Seraphim IB-6068).

THAT 1951 reopening signaled a new era for Bayreuth in many ways. Wieland Wagner's innovative productions of *Parsifal* and the *Ring* established the guidelines for new artistic directions: a turning away from realism and literalness toward a new approach stressing austerity of design, revolutionary uses of lighting, spirituality, and symbolism. Sharing the musical leadership during that first season (which also included Rudolf Hartmann's new staging of *Die Meistersinger*) were two outstanding conductors: Hans Knappertsbusch, an honored veteran but *persona non grata* during the Hitler years, and Herbert von Karajan, with a shadowy political past but the brightest of career prospects.

By 1951, the recording industry had also changed, with new techniques and vast possibilities. It was now possible to tape several performances of the same opera, to eliminate certain technical and musical flaws, and thus to release the best possible product. As John Culshaw amusingly relates in his book *Ring Resounding*, two rival production teams descended on Bayreuth during the 1951 season, each charged with different productions, the two working in more-or-less-peaceful coexistence. Both ventures turned out splendidly. Decca/London's *Parsifal* had a nearly ideal cast; inspired by Hans Knappertsbusch's leadership, they created one of the landmark performances in recorded history.


COLUMBIA
Masterworks Set No. 154
WAGNER: TANNHÄUSER
IN 36 PARTS (18 RECORDS)
Recorded in the Wagner Theatre, Bayreuth, During the Bayreuth Festival, 1930
The English Translation by Ernest Newman is Printed Here by Special Arrangement with Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel
IN TWO ALBUMS
The Cast
Elisabeth (Nichte des Landgrafen) . . . Maria Müller
Venus . . . Ruth Jost-Arden
Tannhäuser . . . Sigmund Pilinszky
Hermann, Landgraf von Thüringen . . . Ivar Andrésen
Wolfram von Eschenbach (Minstrel) . . . Herbert Janssen
Walther von der Vogelweide (Minstrel) . . . Cirta Bette-Pilinsky
Biterolf (Minstrel) . . . Georg von Tschurtschenthaler
Heinrich der Schreiber (Minstrel) . . . Joachim Sattler
Reinmar von Zweter (Minstrel) . . . Carl Stralendorf
Ein Junger Hirte (Shepherd Boy) . . . Erna Berger
Chorus of Thuringian Nobles and Knights, Elder and Younger Pilgrims, and Sirens, Naiads, Nymphs and Bacchantes, by Chorus of Bayreuth Festival Theatre
With the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra, Conducted by Karl Elmendorff
German Text with English Translation by Ernest Newman
Copyright, 1930, by Breitkopf & Härtel
COLUMBIA RECORDS

Working with less homogeneous elements—but including the superior Eva of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and the richly drawn Beckmesser of Erich Kunz—the 1951 *Die Meistersinger* under Herbert von Karajan still holds its own artistically against several succeeding and sonically superior complete versions. It is interesting to compare the vigorous, incisive 1951 Karajan with the still superbly accomplished but self-conscious and frequently mannered conductor of today. The last scene of this 1951 *Meistersinger* is particularly effective: there is real excitement, a festive atmosphere unmatched by other recordings, and superb choral work.

Karajan was at Bayreuth again to conduct a new Wieland Wagner production of *Tristan und Isolde* in 1952 (unrecorded), and never returned. It was Joseph Keilberth, a Bayreuth newcomer in 1952, who would preside over the next two recorded productions: *Lohengrin* (1953) and *Der Fliegende Holländer* (1955), both undertaken by Decca/London. The *Lohengrin*, a solid achievement built around the affectingly sung Elsa of Eleanor Steber and the stormy Ortrud of Astrid Varnay, has remained a contender to this day—despite the fact that it is somewhat dated sonically. There are no individual contributions in Keilberth's *Dutchman* memorable enough to warrant the set's return to the active catalogs.

Convinced that controlled studio conditions could create Wagner recordings superior to those obtainable in the hallowed but—for a recording producer—technically confining Bayreuth surroundings, John Culshaw turned his thoughts elsewhere, primarily toward realizing his long-cherished dream of a complete recorded *Ring* (with outstanding principals, the Vienna Philharmonic, and the yet-unknighted Georg Solti). With Decca/London no longer in the running, Bayreuth became the exclusive domain of Philips and Deutsche Grammophon, two seemingly competitive labels but actually sister companies within the same European "Polygram" combine. Between 1961 and 1974, Philips and DG committed to records all ten of Wagner's major music dramas from Bayreuth performances.

The Bayreuth sets face formidable com-

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The Wagners of Bayreuth from page 33

petition nowadays from other modern integral recordings produced under studio conditions and involving singers and conductors of at least comparable eminence. Yet, invariably, the Bayreuth performances have much to commend them in addition to their "live" authenticity. The 1961 *Tannhäuser*, for example, led by Wolfgang Sawallisch, offers the late Wolfgang Windgassen in the title role, generally in better voice than for his second effort in the same opera, recorded by DG in Berlin several years later. The set also documents Grace Bumbry's rise to stardom, for it was her much-publicized "Die schwarze Venus," an exciting characterization indeed, that catapulted her into international prominence.

THE 1962 festival spawned two complete recordings. A new *Parsifal* confirmed Hans Knappertsbusch's unique authority with the majestic score, of which he had been virtually sole Bayreuth custodian since 1951. The new recording was the first in stereo, and a magnificent technical realization. Jess Thomas (in his first year at Bayreuth) is impressive in the title role, and there are also distinguished contributions from George London (Amfortas), Irene Dalis (Kundry), and Hans Hotter (Gurnemanz), though by then all these artists (and Hotter most noticeably) had passed their vocal peaks. It is again Jess Thomas who accounts for the best performance in the other 1962 Bayreuth recording—of *Lohengrin* (not released until February, 1976). Basso Franz Crass as King Henry is another strong asset here, as is the sensible and disciplined conducting of Sawallisch. Two veterans, Astrid Varnay and Ramón Vinay, make a dramatically compelling pair of conspirators, even if they could no longer do full justice to the vocal demands.

By 1965, Decca/London's *Ring*—produced by John Culshaw with Georg Solti conducting—had been completed, and DG was already deeply involved in its competing Berlin-based recording under Karajan. It was time, clearly, for a Bayreuth countermove by Philips. In fact, there are indications that the company had already begun its *Ring* tapings with a "trial run" in 1965. In any case, during the 1966 and 1967 seasons Philips committed the entire tetralogy to tape under the direction of Karl Böhm, whose relatively brisk pacing is likely to please listeners who find Solti excessively supercharged and Karajan somewhat over-refined. The casting offers the rare opportunity to hear Wolfgang Windgassen as Loge and Leonie Rysanek as Sieglinde, as well as the rewarding experience of hearing Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde and Gustav Neidlinger's Alberich under actual performance conditions. The superbly trained Bayreuth chorus under Wilhelm Pitz is a powerful asset.

Altogether more successful, however, is the 1966 taping of *Tristan und Isolde*, also under Böhm (DG). Birgit Nilsson is in top form as Isolde, Wolfgang Windgassen's Tristan at times rises to thrilling heights, and there is a strong supporting cast. If Böhm's reading is not quite the transfiguring kind, it is clear, tensely paced, and rich in sound. Five years later, that veteran conductor presided over a new made-in-Bayreuth version of *Der Fliegende Holländer* (DG). His brisk and turbulent reading serves the music well, but the cast —save for the smooth and sonorous Daland of Karl Ridderbusch—is not particularly distinguished.

It is perhaps appropriate that *Parsifal*, the opera Wagner wanted performed in Bayreuth alone, should be the one most frequently recorded there. Its third complete version, recorded in 1970, is noted for the clarity and precision we generally associate with its conductor, Pierre Boulez, but the eloquence and sustained passion of Knappertsbusch are missed. Nor is the singing quite on the overall level of the earlier Knappertsbusch sets.

The latest entry in the recorded annals of Bayreuth is the 1974 *Die Meistersinger* (Philips), led by Silvio Varviso with an attractive lightness of hand. The chorus—under its new director, Norbert Balatsch —maintains the high standard established by Wilhelm Pitz, but the singing is again rather ordinary, save for the admirable, if at times tired-sounding, Sachs of Karl Ridderbusch and the firm and dignified Pogner of Hans Sotin.

So stands the Bayreuth chronicle in this centenary year. The place *has* become, as Wagner envisioned it, the mecca to which the faithful would flock in search of ideal performances. That "ideal" is elusive. Even some of Cosima's ideas went in clear contradiction to the Master's concepts, and it is safe to assume that he would not have been entirely pleased with the work of his gifted grandsons, Wieland and Wolfgang. But the tradition is there, and pilgrims who can afford to visit Bayreuth nowadays can still rejoice in that magic combination of place, history, atmosphere, and masterly acoustical design. For a much wider audience of home listeners, the Bayreuth recordings offer a close approximation. ◉

debut at the Metropolitan at the age of twenty-one, in 1941] was so highly recommended by Kirsten Flagstad that we took her, sight unseen." Wolfgang went on: "The difficulty in producing the *Ring* today is not so much singers or conductors as it is unions. They interfere with people who want to do their best. This is not an all-year-round theater. Workers come for a special purpose and do it willingly—when they can."

Clearly, Bayreuth has much the same problems as other theaters have in an industrialized society. And anniversaries, like the weather, are no respecters of persons. America's Centennial, in 1876, prompted a committee of Philadelphians to commission a march from Richard Wagner, but the fee of $5,000 did not inspire him to produce anything worth remembering at our Bicentennial. Doubtless Bayreuth would have preferred its centennial to have come when it was ninety, in 1966, when creativity was in fuller flow with Wieland, rather than today.

Nevertheless, Bayreuth's centennial affirms the enduring fact that, after extensive exterior reinforcement in 1964, it remains a place with a program, where singers can become artists, designers and directors can innovate, and works of art can be elevated to a force of nature. What has always, in times past, brought them together to produce a combustible result has been a personality, most often a Wagner with personality. There is nothing to indicate that Wolfgang Wagner is the personality to produce the next great epoch of Bayreuth. But there is everything to suggest that he will hold it intact and in readiness until such a Wagner (perhaps Wieland's son) matures. ◉

Wit Twister No. 76
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 55.

A ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ three times
over as a wife,

She turned to Egypt's ___ ___ ___
___ ___ for clues to life.

Domestic ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ now
seem much less a bore:

She's mummifying Husband Number Four. A.S.

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Shutter Diplomacy

by Margaret R. Weiss

TRUE to the tradition of Niépce and Daguerre, the French Cultural Services is a firm believer in the power of the lens. For its special mission of presenting France's cultural mosaic to the American people, it has organized a show-and-tell program that currently circulates forty photography and photodocumentary exhibits throughout the United States.

A visitor to the French Embassy's Cultural Services division in New York will find it housed in the Fifth Avenue mansion of distinction designed by Stanford White for the Payne Whitney family seventy years ago. While the landmark building has lost none of its original marble-hall splendor, one element of the interior structure might surprise its architect and first owner: the space between floor and ceiling of the second-story rear is now bisected by a mezzanine suspended on steel rods.

This aerie is the domain of the FCS exhibition department, where program offerings are conceived, assembled, and scheduled for circulation to universities, libraries, clubs, and community centers. Functioning with a single assistant, a secretary, and what he calls a "minimal" budget, exhibition director Jean Cartier coordinates the multiple activities involved in producing and launching shows for the road. Mounting and framing prints, creating wall labels and panels, designing invitations and brochures, writing and processing news releases—all these are strictly in-house operations, preliminary to showcasing the photography installations in the main hall of the embassy residence. Adding a *soupçon* of gallery showmanship to elegantly simple presentations, a *vernissage* is held for the press, and thereafter the exhibit is open to the public for three or four weeks.

Photodocumentaries survey the modern French novel, Romanesque churches and Gothic cathedrals, art books, sports, gastronomy, women in France; library photo collections feature contemporary architecture, the history of the cinema, the

Barbara Boothe

View of "André Kertész and France" exhibit in Fifth Avenue home of French Cultural Services.

Turn-of-the-century printing techniques are a current specialty at the Gilles Rochon/Frédéric Proust atelier in Paris.

Rochon/Proust

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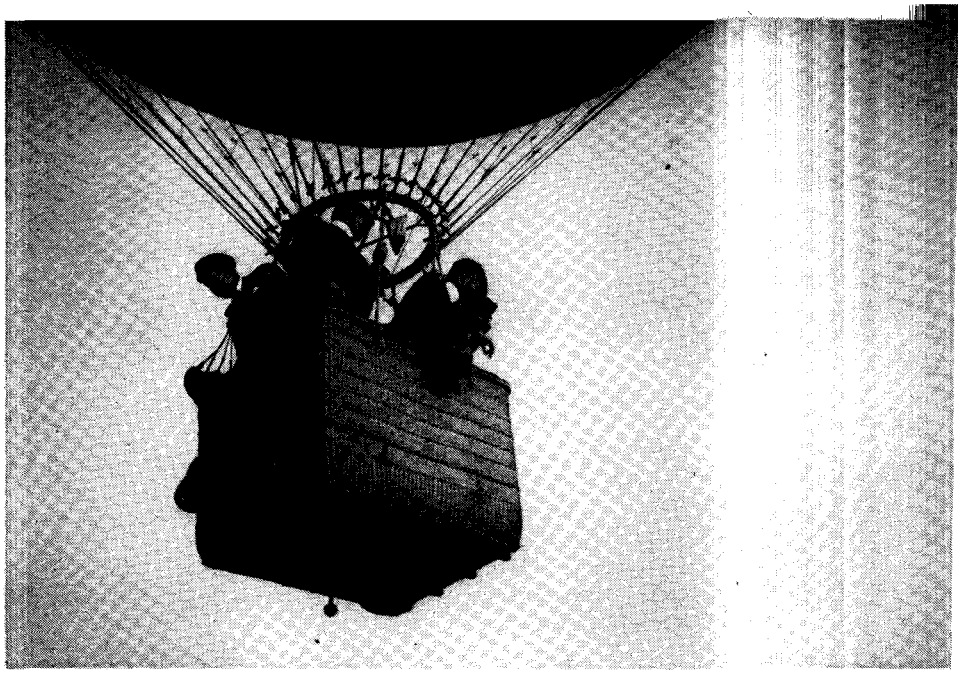
Photography

Paris Opéra Centennial, the Métro, the lives of George Sand, Nadar, Ravel, and Colette. Photography itself is the focus of ten exhibits--a sampling of past and present camerawork ranging from *la belle époque* primitives to the new Viva Group and some of the emergent young talent.

Latest additions to the FCS roster are an all-too-brief retrospective, "André Kertész and France," and an appealing array of prints derived from a recently discovered cache of glass-plate negatives made by two amateurs, Serve Louvat and Colonel Jean de Biré. Depicting French family and street life at the turn of the century, the negatives are from a collection owned by a pair of young Parisians who have made a study of traditional printing techniques and an art of duplicating vintage craftsmanship. (A photo essay documenting methods and materials used in the Gilles Rochon/Frédéric Proust atelier is among the show's attractions.)



Jean de Biré (from "Louvat and de Biré: 1892-1910" exhibit)

Ballooning, Le Mans, 1902.

The FCS program lives up to its name; the accent is on culture and service, not on tourism or trade promotion. "Except for a forthcoming show of original Robert Demachy prints that we're arranging in collaboration with La Photogalerie of Paris, there are no rental fees--the only cost to the borrower is insurance and one-way shipping charges," Cartier explained. Whether the potential exhibitor's choice is a one-man or group show, a historical or topical theme, "FCS stands ready to assist with program suggestions and lists of available lecturers, artifacts, or other

Martine Franck/VIVA (from "The Viva Group Project")

A Paris executive at home, 1972.

Serve Louvat (from "Louvat and de Biré: 1892-1910")

Spring-water seller, Paris, 1903.

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material to heighten the impact of the show and turn it into a real 'event.' "

Asked about the prospects for an international exchange of shows, Cartier replied, "We work in cooperation with galleries here and abroad, and from time to time have a chance to recommend such an exchange. We're in the process of working on one between La Photogalerie and the Neikrug Galleries, and we've also suggested the Floating Foundation of Photography's prison-workshop show to one of the cultural departments in France." Warming to his subject, he added, "As a Franco-American (and a painter-turned-photographer), I feel that photography can serve as a common language between Americans and French—especially where young people are concerned. Cultural counselor André Gadaud shares this feeling and has been extremely supportive of the exhibition program."

In all, the FCS exhibits are well designed to let photography perform its own wonders of shutter diplomacy—a philosophy that to date has attracted close to a thousand requests for showings in connection with campus or community events, art forums, and film festivals across the country. It's a wise embassy that puts the camera to work as a cultural attaché. ◉

Françoise Saur (from "Young French Photographers," in collaboration with Bibliothèque Nationale)
On a farm in Alsace.

From Beach Games *series.* Eddie Kuligowski (from "Young French Photographers")

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The Movies

Shtick by Simon, Paranoia by Polanski

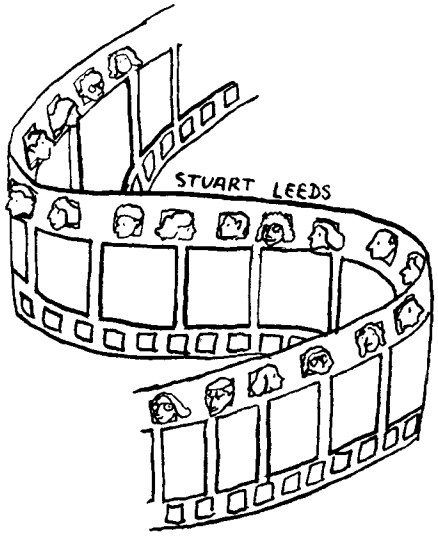
by Judith Crist

DRYING out from the spate of "summer" movies suddenly unleashed across the country, one can only marvel at the mediocrity of moviemaking these days and resort to a kind of social-notes-from-all-over report.

Neil Simon's medium is the theater—or so his original screenplay for *Murder by Death* indicates. The characters, the lines, the scenes, are there—but where's the movie? The idea is a delicious one: a mysterious character, rib-pokingly named Lionel Twain, invites five of fiction's greatest detectives to his electronically gloomed-up mansion "for dinner and a murder," with a million-dollar prize for the one who solves the crime. What a delight for mystery buffs to encounter Peter Falk's Bogey-like Sam Diamond, with Eileen Brennan his secretary-mistress; David Niven's Dick Charleston, with Maggie Smith his ultra-chic Dora; Peter Sellers's Sidney Wang, with Richard Narita his No. 3 adopted son; James Coco's Belgian Milo Perrier, with James Cromwell his chauffeur; Elsa Lanchester's Jessie Marbles, with Estelle Winwood as, inexplicably, her senile nurse, Miss Withers; to have Truman Capote as their petulant host, Alec Guinness as his blind butler, and Nancy Walker as the deaf-mute maid. And what I've listed is what you get.

Each character has a parodic or satiric shtick—and another, and another. And what Simon seemingly dreamed up on a Friday and tossed off during a dull weekend has been translated into a richly produced and sluggishly directed series of mini-skits that deplete whatever wit and style the performers bring to their impersonations. Once the characters have been collected, Simon seems at a total loss as to what to do with them, with small help from Robert Moore's direction. Moore, a stage director turning to film, seems to pause regularly for laughs that, unfortunately, neither lines nor action produces to any frequency or extent. Infrequently and briefly there are diverting moments—Guinness's fumbles, Smith's society nasality, Sellers's fortune-cookie phrasing, Brennan's devoted-floozy whines, Falk's toughies—but there are, equally, offensive moments and an overabundance of flat ones. What would have been a fifteen-minute One Long Pan skit in Fred Allen's day has been stretched into a ninety-three-minute talkfest. The beginning and the finale, involving an unlayering of suspects with a neatly unexpected last twist, are worth watching; the director has, mercifully, provided enough tedium between so that you can doze and awake refreshed for the amusing ending.

Harry and Walter Go to New York, written by John Byrum and Robert Kaufman and directed with intermittent style by Mark Rydell, is also a thing of bits and pieces. Once again there's a near-embarrassment of rich acting talents on hand, with little to activate them. James Caan and Elliott Gould play two Gay Nineties vaudeville performers who, as someone aptly says, "would need practice to be oafs." Gould is the awkward follower; Caan, the wily and illiterate one, gets them into a jam, and off they go to prison, there to encounter Michael Caine, a gentleman bank robber, and Diane Keaton, a crusading editor. There's a complicated bit over plans of a bank, and finally we're in New York, with Caine and his gentlemanly colleagues in competition with the oafs and the crusaders (how the latter get into it is something else) to rob a bank in Lowell, Mass.



Caan and Gould are appealing despite their desperate attempts to take on a Laurel and Hardy air. Caine is smashing as the matinee-idol crook, and Keaton is a joy as the passionate crusader who decides to rob a bank "in the name of decency." But they, unlike the shrewdies in *The Sting*, are never sure who's kidding whom. The David Shire score gives a vaudeville air to the goings-on that Rydell's direction only sporadically justifies—with shades of *The Night They Raided Minsky's* and *The Great Bank Robbery* all too evident. There's small sense of period or style beyond the lush Nineties sets, which we have much too much time to admire.

On a serious—and stultifying—level, there's Roman Polanski's *The Tenant*, the official French entry at the Cannes film festival, awkwardly dubbed into English for American consumption. With screenplay by Polanski and Gerard Brach, his collaborator on his non-Hollywood films, and with direction by Polanski and with him in the protagonist's role, this adaptation of Roland Topor's novel is a study of paranoia. On screen, however, it emerges as a near-parody of Polanski's *Repulsion*, with the filmmaker taking over Catherine Deneuve's role to demonstrate, literally in drag, how one goes bananas in style.

The tenant is a pismirish young man who rents an apartment that belonged to a girl who attempted suicide by leaping from the window. Our young man visits her in the hospital just before she dies; he moves into her gloomy, shabby two rooms and gives a small housewarming, during which neighbors complain about the noise. This triggers his paranoia, as do his discovery of a dress and makeup the girl left behind, encounters with her friends, and the seeming insistence of a café owner on serving him the hot chocolate and American cigarettes the girl consumed. Soon he's seeing staring faces at windows, hearing creaks and knocks, buying a wig and high-heeled shoes, and finding himself conspired against all over. The end's in sight—but oh, how long delayed!

The international cast leads to a babel of dubbing. Of the leading players only Polanski, playing a naturalized Pole to compensate for his accent; Shelley Winters, wasted as an unpleasant concierge; and Melvyn Douglas, equally unexploited as the elderly owner of the house, speak for themselves. Isabelle Adjani, as the dead girl's friend, becomes as nondescript

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as the crisp voice allotted her. They jar with the creaky, haunting atmosphere cinematographer Sven Nykvist brings to the rundown tenement and with the emphatic cello-dominated scoring by Philippe Sarde. And while Polanski initially establishes himself as the introverted little clerk with a certain glum undercurrent of macabre humor, he becomes uninteresting as he takes the obvious slide into psychosis. The tension stretches to tedium, and the mechanics of the film are exposed.

Contrivance is self-evident in *The Omen*, wherein Scripture is quoted endlessly to warn us that the Antichrist is upon us. The original screenplay, by David Seltzer, offers us Gregory Peck as a multimillionaire ambassador to the Court of St. James's who permitted the instant substitution of an orphaned infant for his stillborn son in Rome and five years later finds some pretty dreadful stuff going on in his London home. Of course, he and his wife, Lee Remick, live all alone in the enormous mansion, with not a butler, secretary, or domestic staff in sight beyond a housekeeper and a nanny. And since the present nanny drops in out of the blue after the first nanny commits suicide, with a hound of hell at her side to keep the ambassador and his wife at bay—oh, well. *The Exorcist* or even *Rosemary's Baby* this isn't, since it demands a total suspension of disbelief from all but convinced satanists. Richard Donner, a television director making his feature-film debut, conducts the incredible doings with a straight face, and the actors respond in kind. The resultant idiocy offers more laughs than the average comedy.

Some of the "biggies" are big only in the disappointment for expectant moviegoers and deserve mention on that basis. *The Bluebird*, on record as the first American-Soviet co-production, proves definitively that all we have to fear from détente is catatonia itself. *Midway*, with actors who were in the ranks during World War II now elevated to top-brass status (Charlton Heston, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Toshiro Mifune among them), looks as if it has been glued together from *Tora! Tora! Tora!* outtakes. Written by Donald S. Sanford and directed by Jack Smight, it makes a muddle of the battle but indicates, as most latter-day World War II movies made with an eye to foreign markets do, that while we may have won the war, those charming, civilized, intelligent Japanese really deserved to. ◉

Television

A Fortnight in the Global Stadium

by Karl E. Meyer

THE Olympic Games now under way in Montreal are as much a media as a sports event, and bear witness to the perverse impact of television, which combines the eye of an angel with a leper's touch. A decade ago, Marshall McLuhan propounded a generous idea—that television would create a global village, with a healing and unifying effect. More than any other event, the Olympics realize the technical promise of television; the advance forecast was that the games would attract a world audience of 500 million people, meaning that for a fortnight we are indeed sitting in a global stadium.

But this very magnification of the Olympiad has cruelly distorted the intended purpose of the games. The size of the audience has quickened national rivalries and turned the quest for gold medals into a chauvinistic sweepstakes. More ominously, terrorists have made the Olympic Games a target precisely because the whole world is watching. Who can forget the horrors of Munich in 1972? To prevent a recurrence, Montreal has virtually been turned into an armed camp, with 16,000 soldiers and policemen posted in the Olympic area.

Less obvious is the corrupting effect the Olympics have had on television. When the modern games were started afresh by Baron de Coubertin eighty years ago, the amateur ideal was paramount. So abhorrent was commercialism in any form that Jim Thorpe, the American decathlon winner in 1912, forfeited his gold medals because of a minor infraction of the purist Olympic code. The founding vision may have been unrealistic, but it was surely noble and stands as a reproach to television exploitation of the games to sell dog food on American networks.

To paraphrase McLuhan, the money is the message in the Olympics. The process begins with the competition among candidates to be the host country; Tokyo promised to spend millions to stage the 1964 Olympics, and the ante was raised by Mexico City four years later. Before the nod went to Montreal, that city's mayor, Jean Drapeau, disingenuously said, "We believe the Olympics should not become an astronomic enterprise. We will present it in the true Olympic spirit. It will be humble, with simplicity and dignity, but in the real grandeur befitting the family of man." In fact, Canada will be spending up to $2 billion on an extravaganza that has been a pork barrel for contractors and the focus for political scandal. One Montreal union leader put the matter bluntly when he said his construction workers "couldn't give a damn about the Olympics . . . money is the issue."

At this point, American television becomes a factor. In order to recoup as much as possible from losses, sponsoring countries exact all they can for television rights. ABC is paying in excess of $25 million for broadcasting the Montreal games and is prepared to double that sum for the rights to the Moscow Olympics in 1980. It is not, alas, love of sports that inspires this prodigality; it is, rather, the proven track record of the Olympiad in luring an enormous audience. The Munich games (thanks partly to the Arab terrorists) attracted a phenomenal 45 percent of viewers, and the Winter Olympics this year averaged a 35 percent slice. With these figures, ABC can charge a premium for Olympic commercials; according to one knowledgeable source, ABC had covered its $25-million-plus costs for Montreal with advance commercial sales a few months after it had signed the contract for the Montreal games.

Two results flow from this competition for television rights. Having extracted fabulous sums from ABC, Olympic organizers then squeeze the European Broadcasting Union until (as the saying goes) the pips squeak. The EBU, which represents many of the non-American television systems, is currently headed by Charles Curran, director-general of the BBC. So appalled was Curran by the initial $15-million asking price for the Montreal games that he threatened to boycott the '76 Olympiad, and he was not bluffing. Most EBU stations are state-supported

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and cannot match fees paid by American networks or engage in lavish lobbying.

This lobbying is the second sad consequence of bidding contests for Olympic broadcasting rights. American networks are now vying with one another to curry favor with Soviet officials to obtain the privilege of broadcasting the Moscow games. At ABC, which is anxious to maintain its Olympic primacy, the lobbying has gone to questionable extremes. In 1975, ABC taped ten hours of what was essentially Soviet puffery for the "A.M. America" show in order to promote better "understanding" between our two countries—and, it was hoped, to sweeten relations between Moscow and ABC. All three American networks have mounted campaigns in the Soviet Union, complete with "hospitality suites" in Moscow hotels. (The story is told in two excellent articles, "To Russia with Money," by David M. Rubin, in the May issue of [*More*], and "How ABC Buttered Up the Russians," by Thomas Whitehead, in the November 23, 1975, *New York Times.*)

IS THERE a solution? Is the problem worth solving? My answer to both questions is an emphatic Yes. I have watched, entranced, a superb ten-part series on public television entitled "The Olympiad," written and produced by Bud Greenspan, which concluded on July 8. In these one-hour documentaries, the viewer is able to glimpse the uncontrived excitement of Olympics past in dramatic footage about Paavor Nurmi, Jesse Owens, Emil Zatopec, Fanny Blankers-Koen, Al Oerter, Wilma Rudolph, and Bob Mathias. For all the commercial pollution in the Olympics, a core of gold remains.

The question is how to take the money out of the message. I was impressed by a suggestion made to me by Sam Leitch, a BBC broadcaster who has covered the games for nearly twenty years. The root cause of Olympics commercialism is the bidding competition among countries aspiring to be the host of the games (the current favorite for the 1984 Olympics is Iran, and the Shah can afford it). What Sam Leitch wonders is whether a single country could be named as permanent host—and what better place than Greece, where it all began? Athens could be the perpetual Olympic city, and the event scaled down to the simple, dignified competition that Mayor Drapeau so vainly promised. And, finally, the American network broadcasting the Olympics should be chosen by lot. The idea, I'm sure, would delight Baron de Coubertin. ◉

Dance

A "Month" for All Time in Any Country

by Walter Terry

A MASTERPIECE of art is not bounded by time; nor is it bounded by place, unless it is architecture, and there are some exceptions here (Egypt's transplanted Temple of Abu Simbel or England's transatlanticized London Bridge). A ballet masterpiece has come to America —last spring—and gone, but for those of us who saw it, its images will enrich the memory forever. For those who did not see it, I recommend a journey to wherever it can be seen—very probably London this summer-fall-winter, but worth a trip to anywhere.

This dance masterpiece is *A Month in the Country*, with choreography and book (adapted from the play of Ivan Turgenev) by Sir Frederick Ashton, music of Chopin arranged by John Lanchbery, scenery and costumes by Julia Trevelyan Oman, lighting by William Bundy. I attended every performance of it in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House and went to Washington's Kennedy Center to see it again. Dare one say that anything created by mere man is perfect? This, to me, is. All the coequal ingredients—choreography, music, book, design—of ballet in the traditional, historical sense are seamlessly woven, and the choreographed patterns are given faultless realization by a truly remarkable cast headed by Lynn Seymour, who is, very possibly, the greatest dramatic ballerina of our day, and Anthony Dowell, consummate artist.

It would seem, would it not, that such a play translated into dance would be static, that conversation could not lend itself to movement metamorphoses. But ah! We are discussing a choreographic genius, and it is indeed within Sir Frederick's powers to make us see words and sentences, soliloquies and dialogues. There is not a static moment in *A Month in the Country*. Serenity, contemplativeness, even stillness, yes, but a stillness charged with an emotional explosion soon to come.

In gesture, in danced acting, in lyrical dance, and in marvelous bursts of sheer physical virtuosity, Ashton defines char-

Photographs: MIRA

Lynn Seymour (with Derek Rencher) in A Month in the Country— *"Very possibly the greatest dramatic ballerina of our day."*

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Anthony Dowell and Denise Nunn—"Detailed portraits before our eyes."

acter, situation, cumulative incidents, dramatic confrontation, the rending of emotions, resolution. Hilarity and poetry go along easily with drama and characterization, for Sir Frederick is both a master craftsman of choreography and an inspired poet of the dance.

The craftsman. He introduces his key characters with dances set to Chopin's several variations on the Mozart *Don Giovanni* aria "La ci darem là mano," and, using the different characteristics of the variations as support, he gives each character movements that seem to paint detailed portraits before our eyes.

The poet. With the characteristics of each role clearly defined instantly, Sir Frederick moves his cast into the plot as Beliaev, a young tutor—handsome, dashing, ardent, and desirable—stirs and disturbs the emotions of the ladies of an aristocratic household, engenders angry jealousies, and leaves in order that a family may return to calm normalcy. Not much of a plot? Perhaps not, but the choreographer makes us care about the involvements, curious about the warm but different nature of the romances, concerned with the plight of the neglected suitor, delighted to know the bumbling but endearing head of the household (who loses his keys in a riotous dance sequence), captivated by the ball-bouncing, kite-flying little boy (who entertains himself in games of dazzling virtuosity as danced by Wayne Sleep).

The beautiful sunlit setting, a drawing room opening upon a garden, is both a frame for the portraits and an arena for romantic action, and the glorious costumes have the style, the elegance of the rich of the 1850s. Yes, the characters may be inconsequential and their bouts of love and jealousy not especially important. But Sir Frederick has taken us near to their outer lives and inner confessions. We find ourselves, for the duration of the ballet, engrossed in a sequence of very human experiences—experiences that jar the normal rhythms of their lives and distort, ever so briefly, the comfortable patterns they had established.

As a masterwork of the choreographer's craft and art, *A Month in the Country* represents a new and lofty peak of accomplishment for one of the great ballet-makers of this or any age. It was created this year—1976—just fifty years after Frederick Ashton had choreographed his very first ballet, *Tragedy of Fashion* (for a 1926 revue, *Riverside Nights*). In between there has been an incredible array of great ballets, creations that helped to sweep first Alicia Markova and then Margot Fonteyn to international renown, choreographies of unexcelled beauty and power in such full-length productions as *Romeo and Juliet* (made for the Royal Danish Ballet twenty-one years ago), *Ondine, Sylvia, La Fille mal gardée*, and such shorter dance miracles as the cool and shimmering *Monotones No. 1 and No. 2* or the radiant tribute to Shakespeare, *The Dream* (a danced *Midsummer Night*).

Fifty years and numberless ballets and divertissements later, Sir Frederick has given his own Royal Ballet, which he and Dame Ninette de Valois led to world renown, a new masterpiece. And the Royal dancers, led by Seymour, Dowell, Alexander Grant, Sleep, Derek Rencher, Denise Nunn, and Marguerite Porter, brought it to us. They have gone now, but if you saw them dance *A Month in the Country*, the passage of time means nothing, for the ballet will stay with you always. And if you haven't seen it, well . . . go. Place is unimportant, too . . . just see that you get there. ◉

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Booked for Travel

Quintana Roo and Gallic, Too

by Horace Sutton

THE girl standing at the portal of this outpost of paradise was dressed in the familiar uniform: a pareu of flowered Tahitian cloth loomed in Lyons; a matching top, spare enough to reveal expanses of bronzed ectoderm; a straw hat, brim snapped down, of Mexican origin, decorated with rosettes of shells that once grew in the South Seas. Her feet were as unfettered of footgear as her soul of care. She walked confidently and with purpose, and when she spoke, the words came in accented French that was a *bouquet garni* of Bardot, Moreau, and Deneuve.

To the practiced eye of those who frequent such places, she was immediately recognizable: a *gentil organisateur* or, more properly, *organisatrice*, more familiarly, a G.O. (initials know no gender), a member of the staff of Club Mediterranee. The club, which throws many standard forms of resort operation to the passing zephyrs, messes around with no lingual accents. While proper embellishments to language are of little concern, it doesn't for one instant, in any of its seventy-two vacation villages stretched all over the globe, lose its primary French essence. That means coffee that will wilt a spoon, good breads, gargantuan lunches, course-by-course dinners, wine that flows as if from open spigots, and a pervading attitude of who-should-worry.

Some villages are Spartan and some resurrected from hotels that were faltering, but its newest edition, at Cancún, is a start-from-scratch $12-million encampment at Mexico's start-from-scratch $100-million Caribbean resort on the eastern fringe of the Yucatán peninsula. The stark white low-rise buildings, built on pilings above the tangle of mangroves, seem to float in the Cancún lagoon. The architect has chosen a sloping façade, a suggestion of fraternal bond with the Mayan civilization whose stone vestiges are scattered through the jungles of the Yucatán peninsula and south into Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala.

The 300 twin-bedded rooms are done with style, simple and Mexican, a distinct improvement over those at Playa Blanca, in the vicinity of Puerto Vallarta, Club Med's initial adventure in Mexico. The use of Mexican tiles and terra-cotta and brightly hued bedspreads, along with roomy baths, sunken dressing areas, and private balconies set off by glass doors, is the mark of a proper resort rather than of an encampment for an alfresco bacchanal for singles, a reputation with which the club has been too often tattooed.

Club Med at Cancún—"Raiment otherwise trotted out for fancy-dress balls."

Photographs: H.S.

The centerpiece is a great plaza, in a modified way, like the plazas of Mexican towns, though here there is no fussy little bandstand, no shade trees, and no Mexicans dozing under their sombreros. Rather, there are molded plastic chairs at this plaza and a constant parade of pareu-draped bodies. The accepted costume of male staff members is the briefest of swimming briefs, sometimes pulled down to a latitude that seems to defy the limits of propriety. The bizarre is *de rigueur*. One visiting Club Med executive, in from Paris, affected an eye-patch of a bathing costume, pulled down to display posterior cleavage. When the Caribbean sun streamed relentlessly out of the cloudless sky, he affected a hand-carried multicolored umbrella, a costume to which he added, after a heavy lunch, a cigar. In that ensemble he sought relief in the sea, and, with one hand firmly gripping the umbrella, employed as a parasol, and cigar firmly cemented in his teeth, he surrendered himself to the Caribbean up to the limits of his clavicle.

At dusk, when there are often cocktail parties on the plaza, at the edge of a pool large enough to serve as a respectable lake in a pocket republic, the popular mode of dress is likely to turn to raiment that in other quarters might be trotted out only for fancy-dress balls. On a recent evening the fashionable were wearing such knock-'em-dead numbers as a floor-length white priest's cassock bought in Senegal, a djellaba picked up in Egypt, where it had been intended to fit over the frame of a fellah, a turquoise gown gathered at the waist by a bronze buckle the size of a dinner plate. So much for menswear. As for the women, they leaned toward standard evening dresses and, if the figure permitted it, tailored slacks.

To pursue its singular ways, Club Med chose, as it does in many locations, a plot of real estate aloof from social concourse with the outside world. Only twenty minutes from the new Cancún jetport, the club property is at Punta Nizuc, at the far end of the fourteen-mile strip that is Cancún Island. It is reachable down a dirt road that often snakes like a slalom course around palm trees and crosses a rickety bridge that is the tenuous link to the Mexican province of Quintana Roo. The rest of Cancún, with all its hotels and high life, lies twenty minutes up the concrete dual highway.

No idle discovery by prospectors seeking pleasure who happened upon it and dubbed it quaint—as in Acapulco and Puerta Vallarta, on the Mexican Pacific—

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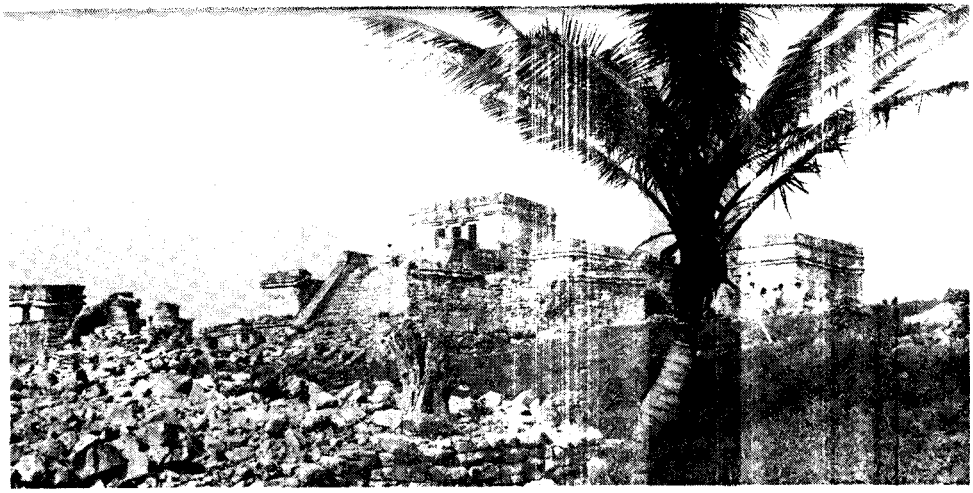

"The castle" at Tulum—"Trackless pool-table green, trackless azure sea."

Cancún was scientifically selected and computer-planned. It is the choice of a young team assembled during the regime of President Echeverria, who were assigned to pore over the 6,000 miles of Mexican coastline with the express purpose of finding a new resort of great potentiality. The team investigated the possibilities on the Pacific already represented by Acapulco, Puerta Vallarta, Zihuatanejo (about to erupt), and the new Costa Careyes, already implanted with Club Med's Playa Blanca and a new condominium-hotel. They searched along the Gulf of Mexico, where the resort developments are few, and on Mexico's Caribbean, where the advantages are many.

Given its jet airport, Cancún can offer proximity to major U.S. cities, especially those in the Northeast, Midwest, and Southeast, which are not within easy reach of Mexico's Pacific beaches. The climate has been reckoned to be more reliable here than in many Caribbean islands with which it can compete. It can count an estimated 240 days of sun every year with no distinct rainy season. A major resort in Quintana Roo, a state until only recently considered an undeveloped provincial territory, can provide a lone source of income in land without other means of support. Moreover, it could provide labor that would allow hotels and other attractions to operate at a cost that would compete favorably with the ballooned prices of the playlands in the Caribbean islands.

With its pass-along system of politics, in which for the past forty-seven years the president, governors of state, and senators have all come from the same political party, Mexico could offer political stability in the Caribbean, an unusual state of affairs in the often turbulent islands. The political atmosphere will remain calm, assuming President Jose Lopez Portillo, who was elected on July 4 and who will take office on December 1, can be counted on to steer away from thoughtless votes in the U.N. The anti-Zionist vote cost Mexico heavily in tourist cancellations. Without agitation, the populace, at least here in relatively remote Quintana Roo, appears tranquil and even gracious. The traveling U.S. public would prefer to stay on bearable terms with Mexico providing Lopez Portillo does not choose to follow Echeverria's strident Third World pronouncements and, with them, Echeverria's unavailing presidential oratory on the inequities of the peace treaty that followed the Mexican War, which ended 128 years ago.

On the face of it, then, Cancún Island has every staple necessary to turn it into some new and handy Costa Brava, some middle-class Costa Smeralda, some affable Caribbean strand, some politically stable Algarve. Nature and the Mexican government have pushed it into the Caribbean swirl as an ambitious parent shoves a shy but gifted child onstage. The fourteen-mile-long island, linked to the mainland by bridges and a causeway, is rimmed along its length by fine white sand. If the sea creates an undertow in some locations, it is lake-quiet in others. The lagoon behind the wire-thin strip of island provides a quiet backwater admired by golf-course architects, duck hunters, and fishermen.

In theory, anyway, Cancún's location is its longest suit. It is only an hour, flying parallel to the western shore of Cuba, from Miami; only an hour and a half from Mexico City. Both cities, along with Houston, offer regularly scheduled direct service. Chicago is a direct three-hour shot southward, New York only three hours away, Dallas two, Los Angeles four. New Orleanians could whistle over for lunch. If there were regular flights.

Air France, which had originally asked for, announced, and ultimately received rights to link Cancún with direct flights from New York (and thus one stop from Paris), now has decided not to fly the route at all. It found its certification mired in the swamp of so-called fifth-freedom negotiations, the right of a carrier to pick up passengers in a country other than its own and land them in a third country—in this case Mexico. Although several American carriers have requested permission to operate flights from Houston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and cities in the Northeast, the granting of these rights has been held up by the Mexican civil aeronautics board, which prefers to dicker for the rights of its own carriers on other routes.

The passenger bound for Cancún and resorting to regularly scheduled flights must fly by way of Mexico City. For passengers coming from New York this means not only enduring the change of planes and its attendant delays but backtracking for 700 miles. With Mexicana and Aeromexico serving as the lone connectors, service falters. On Aeromexico, if a recent outing is any barometer, the hostesses were on the edge of outright rudeness, the meals varied between barely passable and inedible, and the delays were as unexplained as they were intolerable. The loser is the traveler and of course Cancún itself, but in the Mexican hierarchy it would seem that the tourist department is not as politically strong as the department of civil aviation.

Club Med, which likes to use Air France, is now talking to Pan Am about charter flights. Those who shop this space are urged, unless they are going through the Miami gateway, to look for OTC flights or consider the cruise ships and the car ferries that ply between Miami and Cozumel and Tulum, the Mayan ruin eighty miles south of Cancún.

THE remnants of the Mayan civilization are one of the added fascinations for visitors to Cancún, Cozumel, Isla Mujeres, and the nearby resorts being developed along the Caribbean shore of Quintana Roo. The pre-Columbian Maya flowered from A.D. 300 to 900, when they abandoned their classic centers. By then they had developed—in spite of their propensity for filing their teeth and inlaying them with strips of jade and hematite, and for adorning themselves with tattoos and scars—a highly sophisticated civilization. They failed to find the trick of the keystone arch, so they relied on the corbel arch, piling one stone atop another. Their chambers were small, with massive walls that made them resistant to the attrition worked by centuries of sun and rain. Aside from their architecture, the Maya, notably

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the lowlanders, uncovered astronomical keys, learned hieroglyphic writing, and proved to be artful sculptors.

Short, dark, and with straight hair, about 2 million Maya survive, three-quarters of them in the highlands of Guatemala. The branch in Yucatán speaks an amalgam of Mayan languages called Yucatec, and although assorted monuments are strung along the Caribbean coast of Quintana Roo, few Maya still live there. In 1971, when the project was started, only 117 people lived on Cancún Island. By December of last year the island population had grown to 35,000, an overlay of workers from all over Mexico.

From Cancún the new highway runs straight and true to Tulum, with only a chance spider monkey or a herd of long-horned cattle let loose from their pens by cowboys to interrupt the tedium of the drive. Tulum is no Chichén Itzá, but neither is it overrun with busloads of tourists. It is a small walled city by the sea with a temple atop a pyramid in the familiar form. From the top the view stretches inland over a trackless expanse of pool-table green and seaward across the trackless azure of the Caribbean Sea.

Below the pyramid, known as "the castle," some sixty structures in various phases of decay still survive. The massive two-story Temple of the Frescoes, supported by columns, provides shelter for murals decorated with images of holy men and kings. A splendid little beach just below "the castle" is inviting to the stone-watcher who has come on a hot day—and there are few that aren't.

It takes a more dogged attitude, or perhaps a more impassioned attitude than I possessed the day I was at Tulum, to proceed onward to Cobá, twenty-four miles over mostly paved road into the heart of the Yucatán jungle. Work began on Cobá only four years ago, and since this Mayan settlement appears now to cover an area of some eighty square miles, it will take an estimated half century to return it to a semblance of its original state.

A beach resort of passable standards has been developed fourteen miles north of Tulum at Akumal, the place of the turtles. Sprinkled around a curving beach studded with palms are amenities of varying sorts—thatch-roofed cottages, motel-style rooms in a double-decker cinder-block pile, and suites with two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, and dining alcove. A circular dining pavilion covered by a vaulted thatched roof serves a standard menu spiced here and there with Yucatecan dishes. Turtle, venison, and lobster, all taken locally, are on special order.

Six miles south of Akumal, which puts it virtually halfway to Tulum, the Maya maintained a sacred watering hole that they called Xel Ha, the place where the waters are born. The lagoons, paved with porous coral, are fed by both seawater and natural springs, a mix that all sorts of piscatorial inhabitants—huge and brilliant parrot fish and swarms of angelfish, to mention two that could be identified—find agreeable. The state has set aside Xel Ha as a park for anyone who would swim on the side of the angels. Snorkel or scuba equipment will do, but change somewhere else. The change rooms would gag a swineherd.

As for Cancún itself (see *SR*, March 20), it has all the airs of an instant resort, the support town rather jerry-built in the fashion of Freeport. A road and an adjacent cycle path lined with oleander and hibiscus, with thatched palapas along the way, lead to the hotel strip. Some twelve hotels are now open, ranging from in-town hotels at about $20 a night to the Villas Tacul, a cluster of handsome houses that rent from $120 to $340 a day.

Of the standard hotels, I liked Camino Real, operated by Western International, whose architect managed to fit 256 rooms in sloping Mayan-style buildings set around airy courts. In the rooms the white walls, white marble floors, and rattan furniture seem to cool the premises before you turn on the air conditioning.

The tennis courts are lighted, and a large pool, somehow constructed with sandy shores, has a deserted Bali Ha'i in the middle awaiting a paddler seeking solitude. The restaurant can come up with a Cancún *torta*—Mexican bread, filet, cheese, beans, and garlic; or a local lobster—not nearly so stringy as those in Florida—for $9.20.

The availability of gifts from the sea, to say nothing of migrants from the north, has encouraged the house of Soberanis, a seafood restaurant in Mérida that has branches in Cozumel, to open an edition here. It can come up with marinated-octopus salad; rubia, a red fish like snapper served in green sauce; and a mix of conch shrimp, crab, and oyster called a Come-Back-to-Life Cocktail. Cancún has plenty of life. What it needs now is plenty of airplanes. ◉

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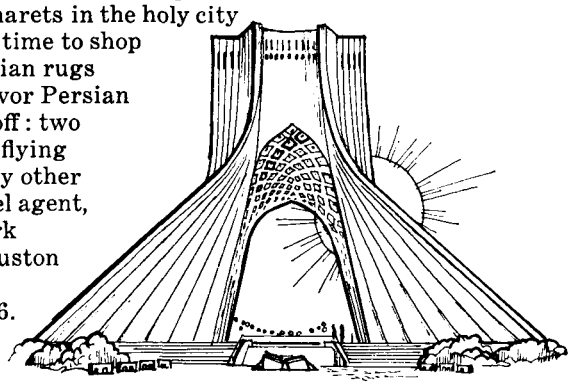

IRAN AIR

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World Progress Report

Count Your Blessings

The first thing the customers noticed about the telephone company's new push-button equipment is that the electronic bleeps produced by pushing the buttons can be used to make a sort of music, something between the chatter of a satellite and the music of the spheres. But while budding Beethovens were making telephonic symphonies, a lot of more mathematically minded button pushers were noticing something else about the new equipment: the telephone keyboard bears a suggestive resemblance to another technological marvel, the handy little calculator. With the addition of a few more components, the telephone could be taught to add, subtract, multiply, and divide.

Now that the telephone monopolies' Washington regulatory agency has decided that independently produced equipment can be attached to telephone-company lines, the first telephone-calculator combination has been produced by a small new Chicago company, Phone Devices Corporation. The device, called Figure Phone, includes eight extra buttons for mathematical operations, plus an eight-digit display and a digital calendar and clock, along with the usual keyboard for making telephone calls. The company reports that after one month of production it had shipped 1,000 units and had orders for 10,000 more, at $150 each.

The Limits to Growth

For the neo-Malthusians who worry about the uncontrolled growth of the human species in numbers and affluence, there may be some slight relief in the recent figures from the National Center for Health Statistics. Although there is no apparent end to the increase in humanity's number, says the center, in the United States the species seems to have stopped growing taller.

In the last 100 years the average adult height for both men and women has increased by about four inches. The average American man now tops out at a less-than-Lincolnesque five feet nine inches, and the average woman is a sub-Amazonian five feet four inches. According to the center's statistics, however, the growth trend seems to have reached an end in the present generation. The average ten-year-old boy was a half inch taller in 1950 than in 1940, but today's ten-year-old is no taller than his counterpart of a decade ago. The leveling off, says Dr. Peter V. Hammill, chairman of the center's study group, "could be the result of our having reached the limits of our genetic potential."

Garbage Detail

As more and more Americans have rediscovered the glories of the great outdoors, the nation's hiking trails have become popular garbage dumps. There is hardly a wilderness path, no matter how remote, that has not been decorated by the detritus of the species *Homo backpacker* in search of unsullied nature. Last year, a four-year-old organization called the International Backpackers Association (P.O. Box 85, Lincoln Center, Maine 04458) began a crusade to clean up the mess.

Called "One for the Trail," the project aimed to enlist the nation's backpackers to devote one hour each to cleaning up after themselves and their less tidy fellow trekkers. By the Fourth of July Bicentennial the project hoped to have attracted 1 million person-hours of work from hiking clubs and trail organizations in all fifty states. Groups including the Sierra Club, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, and American Youth Hostels have joined the "One for the Trail" movement. Federal and state agencies have pitched in. Nevertheless, by last month, despite notable successes in many local cleanup efforts, the program reported that only 200,000 hours of work had been donated and that a lot of work remained undone. With the summer backpacking and hiking season just beginning, and the fall to come, "One for the Trail" instigator Lance Feild announced hopefully that the program would be extended to the end of the year.

Cleaning Dirty Water

Scientists at the University of Michigan have devised and successfully tested a sewage-treatment system that returns clean water to rivers and streams, produces useful feed and fertilizer, and helps defray some of its own costs in the process. With funds from the Rockefeller Foundation and other agencies, the scientists constructed a series of four lakes in which the waste-laden water feeds rich concentrations of algae, weeds, and micro-organisms.

Cleansed of its noxious concentrations of nitrates and phosphates, the water can be returned safely to rivers and streams after about a month in each pond. At the same time, the aquatic life that has fattened on the enriched diet of wastes can be recycled as fertilizer or high-protein animal feed. According to the University of Michigan results, the system promises to be economically appropriate for towns and small cities with enough open flatland to accommodate the four holding ponds. —ANTHONY WOLFF

Reprinted from SR, February 1, 1964

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Bring that cup off the stand—it's hemlock for Socrates."

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Top of My Head

To Donald H. Rumsfeld, Secretary of Defense

by Goodman Ace

THIS is, for a change no doubt, a friendly letter from a fan of your $114-billion military budget. I have one problem—how do I respond to my so-called liberal acquaintances who keep telling me your budget is billions of dollars too high?

Like the day when I said to one of them, "When it comes to defense, our country must be Number One. You wouldn't like us to be Number Two, would you?" And this joker said to me, "If we have a confrontation with Russia, and the nuclear bombs start falling, it doesn't matter who's Number One or Number Two. We'll both be Number Zero."

What do I say to a schmo like that? The reason I'm asking you, sir, is that I've listened to you on some TV talk shows and you parry questions like that adroitly. Like the time when you really told off one of those sleazy panelists, who asked, "Which country would you say is superior now?" And you replied, "To ask who is superior is to try to make symmetrical a basically asymmetrical situation."

That's the kind of answer I'm hoping you can send me so I can make my points in favor of your budget. I tried that one out one afternoon on several members at the Friars Club. The subject was whether we should use military force to save the Panama Canal.

I said, "We ought to go down there right now and show them who's boss." And one of them said, "The people of this country, out of work and out of food, are not as interested in the Panama Canal as they are in the Alimentary Canal."

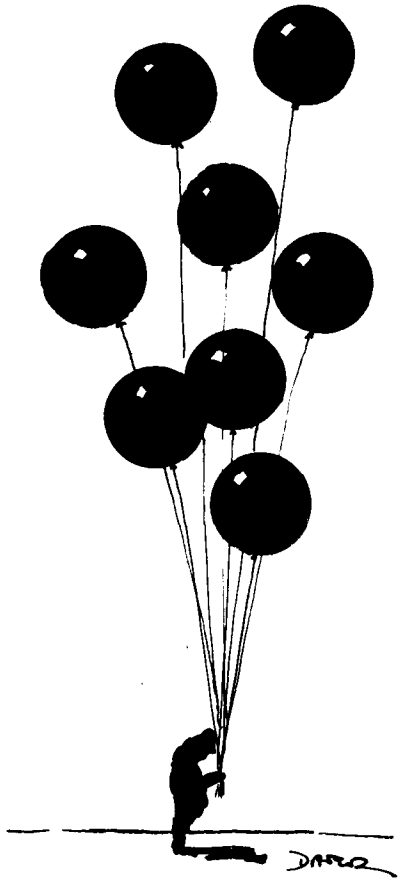
So I said to him, "With an answer like that, you're trying to make symmetrical a basically asymmetrical situation."

And they all said, "What?" And then they walked away. It worked! You see? It works when it's explained to them. Can you send me a whole bunch of those, Mr. Rumsfeld?

I can sure use a quick reply for one subject that keeps coming up. You know the one. The B-1. The dear B-1, which can deliver missiles at a speed thousands of times greater than our postal service can. And it's so accurate it can drop its load of death right on our enemy's doorsteppes.

I fell in love with the B-1 when it was still on the drawing board and its estimated cost was $46 million a plane. Last year the first one was trotted out for public inspection. It looked beautiful on TV. Then it was announced that the cost per plane had risen to $79 million. The cost is now estimated at $83 million, and you're going to make 244 of them at a cost of more than $20 billion.

Mr. Rumsfeld, what do I say to one of my antagonists who says to me, "We can't afford $20 billion for B-1's no matter how many school lunches they cut out"? The debate about the B-1 got so hot that even the Senate angrily voted to postpone production until the inauguration of the next President. Long-fused missiles make for short-fused tempers.



I was forced to resort to one of my stirring historical quotations. "As Patrick Henry said," I shouted at them, " 'Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute.' " *That* gave them pause.

You and I, of course, know that Patrick Henry never said that. It was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney who said it to Tallyrand or somebody in 1769. These days when I want to say something stirring, I always credit Patrick Henry. It gives my arguments a Bicentennial flavor. Besides, if I had shouted, "As Charles Cotesworth Pinckney once said . . ." I would have lost them.

Incidentally, while I'm on Patrick Henry, I'm sure he's one of your favorite Colonial statesmen, as he is mine. I especially have always admired his saying, "If this be treason, make the most of it." (Which is as good a clinching argument as your saying "making symmetrical a basically asymmetrical situation.") But Patrick did let me down a little when he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" I've always thought that one seemed to lack a wider range of options before he got to the bottom line.

Getting back to our lovely B-1, the main argument is about the size of the overall military budget. I say to them, "As long as Russia keeps building planes, *we* have to build more, no matter what the cost." So one guy says, "They don't spend as much as we do." And I say to him "They don't have to. They don't have unions. They're using sweatshop labor.' So another guy says, "Well, why don't we send our B-1 plans to Russia and let them build the planes for us?"

You should have heard the laugh that got. And this buffoon goes even further. He says, "Which reminds me of a funny story." Get that—a funny story at a crucial time like this. He tells it. "A Russian teacher says to Ivan, 'What is the definition of capitalism?' And Ivan says, 'Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man.' And the teacher says, 'Very good. And what is the definition of communism?' And Ivan says, 'Communism is the opposite.' "

That was about the most basically symmetrical argument I ever heard. I hope you can realize now, Mr. Rumsfeld, how desperately I need answers from you for the great work you're doing for our country. And I'm sure that in this lovely country you'll find literally dozens of people who agree with me. ◉

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Manner of Speaking

Ciardi Foundation Issues Interim Report on Symbiosis

by John Ciardi

THE Ciardi Foundation for Symbiotic Studies today marked the completion of the thirtieth year of an experimental marriage, issuing a report in which its findings were described as "conclusive but, well, inconclusive." To mark the occasion, laboratory assistant John Ciardi poured lunch and explained the work of the foundation while project director Judith Hostetter Ciardi stood by to correct any possible error.

Mr. Ciardi began by confessing that the problem of definition has not yet been solved. Opening the *American Heritage Dictionary* to "symbiosis," he pointed while we read: "The relationship of two or more different organisms in a close association that may be but is not necessarily of benefit to each."

"You see?" he asked as we finished reading. " 'Different organisms' must certainly be made to read 'organisms of different species or subspecies'—a man and a woman, for example."

"Of different species?" we asked.

"Take a boy organism growing up as a dead-end kid," he said. "Then take a girl organism shaking a finger at her dolls to scold them good. Wait for them to grow up and put them under symbiotic test-stress. Can they be said to be of the same psychic species? Which raises the question of mutual benefit. . . ."

"We," said the project director, "do not raise that question. It is all for your own good."

"Uh, well, yes, yes of course, dear," he explained, hastily pouring the third course. "Definitely," he said to us. "You may say that when we plot our enormous data on a normal distributional curve, we definitely get better-than-chance results."

"Naturally," said the project director.

"Our factor better than chance," he continued, "happens to be identical with that computed by Rhine as proof of the existence of ESP. You might say that if you believe in ESP you must believe in what we are doing, and that only *if* you believe in ESP *can* you believe in it."

He paused and added, perhaps ruefully, "If only we knew what we were computing *for*."

We turned and asked the project director for her views on chance curves. "I," she said, "do not allow them." She looked at the assistant as she spoke. We are tempted to say she glared abstractedly. He, for his part, seemed to be receiving a message.

"Darling," he said, "that was twenty-seven years ago, in a ballroom with three hundred people. How chancy could I get?"

"Only two," she said, "were paying close attention: I and that little chance curve you were cavorting with."

"You see how it is with symbiosis," he said, scurrying back to the subject. "All these test findings, but how does one objectify them? If only we knew more about symbiosis in general. Take coral, for instance. . . ."

"Coral?" we asked.

"Classical symbiosis," he continued. "Aeons of it—all those reefs. But is the symbiosis mutually beneficial? There is evidence that coral actually *competes* for its place on the reef, the stronger forcing the weaker—"

"Forcing?" asked the director. She seemed to find the word distasteful.

"Uh, spurring," he corrected. "Forcing only in the sense of onward and upward, the stronger dominating the—"

"Nonsense," said the director.

"I was only referring," he said, "to how those countless tiny efforts conjoin endlessly to create those Paradise Islands of the South Seas—of, one may say, our psychic South Seas—in which simply to be alive and in symbiosis is to be blessed."

Aside, he whispered to us, "She was always the easiest girl in town to butter up."

"Are you just buttering me up?" asked the director.

"Darling," he said, "how can you ask?" The director began to smile softly, and the same smile began to appear on the face of her assistant. We sensed that the interview was over. He seemed even to have forgotten the glass in his hand. The experiment, we saw, was continuing, and the two scientists were once more absorbed in their research. ◉

"Since Pablo's been gone you don't get me many good jobs anymore."

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Light Refractions

Three and a Half Centuries of Prescience

by Thomas H. Middleton

FROM time to time, after *SR* has published a "Light Refractions" that I consider perfectly innocuous, I get boxfuls of mail taking sides, when I hadn't known there were sides to be taken. On the other hand there are times—much more rare—when I expect a strong reaction but don't get one. Recently we ran a Double-Crostic that I was sure would bring a Niagara, or at least a rivulet, of mail asking, in effect, "What?" "Who?" "Where?" "How?" or just "Why?" The puzzle appeared in the May 15 *SR*. The answer appeared in the May 29 issue, of course. It was

THOMAS MIDDLETON:
A GAME AT CHESS
This was the chair of ease I ever aimed at.
I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately . . .

Pack up my plate and goods and steal away
By night at water-gate; it is but penning . . .

Two or three bitter books against the White House
And then I'm in . . . again
As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing.

I was so certain that I'd get dozens of questions about that puzzle that I started to write a form letter in response to what I merely anticipated.

I received not a single letter. Not a word.

Theorizing as to how come, I figured that either (a) vast numbers of Double-Crostic fans are thoroughly familiar with the works of the playwright Thomas Middleton; (b) it was widely assumed that I myself had written *A Game at Chess* since the Watergate mess and that I had the brass to use my own stuff as the basis for my own D-C but that no one found that fact offensive enough to call for a letter; or (c) no one was sufficiently intrigued.

I had to discount (a). I'll bet that, among the populace at large, perhaps one person in a thousand (at most) knows that there was a seventeenth-century English playwright named Thomas Middleton. Even among such an erudite group as D-C fans, probably not one in ten could tell you much about him, and probably fewer than one in a hundred ever heard of *A Game at Chess*.

I'm sure it has to be either (b) or (c). If it's (c), I'm probably wasting my time writing this, but if it's (b), let me set the record straight.

Thomas Middleton, to whom I am probably not related, wrote about twenty-five plays. *A Game at Chess* opened at the Globe Theatre on Friday, August 6, 1624, according to J. W. Harper, lecturer in English, York University, and editor of the Mermaid Dramabook edition.

The play was an enormous hit and ran for nine days before being closed by the government. Its success was "obviously due to its being a transparent political allegory, fully in accord with popular opinion of the day concerning current relations between England and Spain. The Spanish monarchy and its most successful ambassador were held up to ridicule, the Roman Catholic Church was savagely satirized, and in the final scene the whole Spanish nation was consigned to hell. Such political allegory was very dangerous, and at a moment when England and Spain stood poised on the verge of war Middleton's audacious play created an international incident," says Harper in his Introduction. "On the tenth day of the 'nine days' wonder' the strong protests of the Spanish ambassador had their effect: the theater was closed by the Privy Council and the King's Men forbidden to act. The next day a warrant was issued for Middleton's arrest."

A Game at Chess obviously has a rather special historical interest, and the writing is fine. The setting is a chessboard, and the dramatis personae are the White King, the Black King, White Knight, Black Knight, White Bishop, Black Bishop, Pawns, and so on.

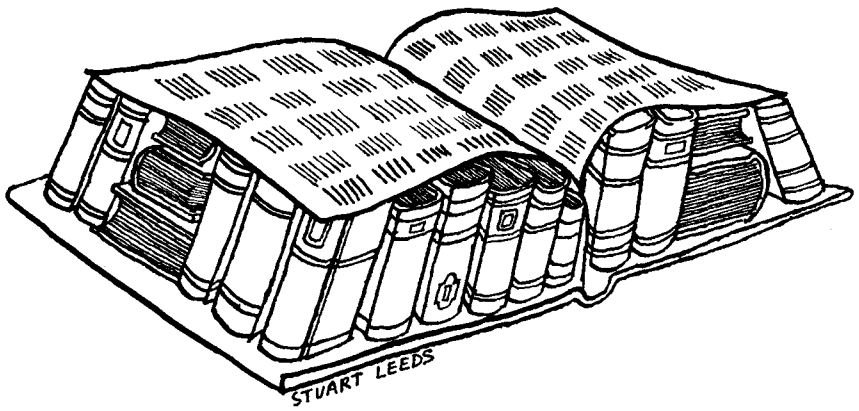
The play's major interest to modern readers, though, probably lies in lines such as the one on which the Double-Crostic was based, as well as a few others:

. . .I spied a pawn of the White House walk near us
And made that noise a' purpose to give warning . . .
Methinks I stand over a powder-vault
And the match now a-kindling . . .
Run for my cabinet of intelligences
For fear they search the House
Good Bishop, burn 'em rather. . . .
When he last
Vouchsafed to peep into my privileged lodgings
He saw good store of plate there, and rich hangings;
He knew I brought none to the White House with me.
I have not lost the use of my profession. . . .
Plague of those pestilent pamphlets, those are they
That wound our cause to the heart. . . .
Would I stood farder off were't no impeachment.

And there's more.

Nine days, beginning Friday, August 6, 1624!

Nostradamus, eat your heart out. ◉



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TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES — Independent schools, all states; public schools, northeastern states; experienced or beginners with potential, independent school background desirable; basic subjects, especially sciences, languages, math, business managers, fund raisers. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

TEACHERS. 60+ pages of current school/university vacancies, $6. TIE, Box 306-SR, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

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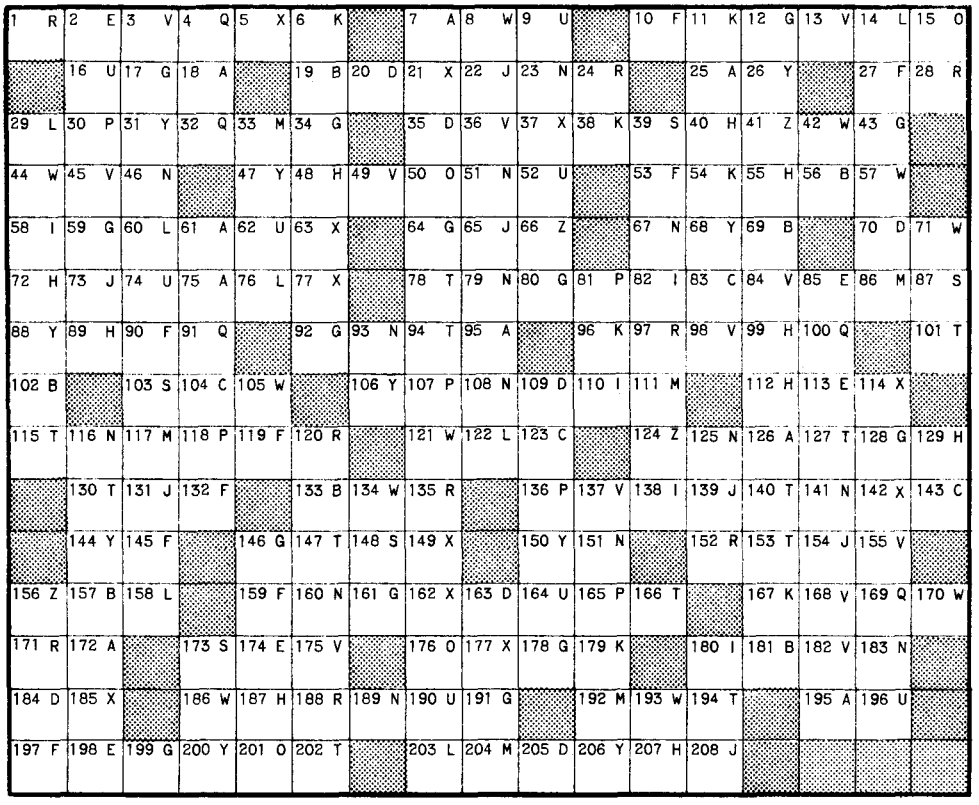
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 103

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Knot used for temporarily securing a rope to an object (2 wds.)

B. Dignify

C. Aromatic Himalayan plant, source of an ointment used by the ancients

D. Medieval monophonic French song characterized by many repetitions of its two themes or sections

E. Ethereal fluid supposed to flow in the veins of the gods

F. Member of a prehistoric people who inhabited part of what is now the United States and Canada (2 wds.)

G. Aquatic plant of the Amazon, having floating leaves up to six feet wide (3 wds.)

H. Skins, flimflams (2 wds.)

I. English satirist (1567–1601; *The Unfortunate Traveler)*

J. Impertinence, indignity

K. Wild mulberry

L. Struck with a sound of heavy impact

M. American dramatist (1842–1908; *Young Mrs. Winthrop)*

WORDS

7 25 61 126 172 195 18 75 95

102 133 157 181 19 56 69

83 104 123 143

163 184 205 70 20 35 109

113 85 174 198 2

10 27 119 132 145 159 197 53 90

178 17 34 64 80 92 128 161 191 199 12

59 146 43

48 72 99 112 187 207 40 55 89 129

138 82 180 58 110

131 139 154 208 22 65 73

179 11 96 167 6 38 54

60 76 122 158 203 14 29

86 117 192 204 33 111

CLUES

N. Bold, outspoken person who says and does indiscreet things (2 wds.)

O. He was knocked out by Louis in 1941, later became an actor

P. Influence, effect

Q. Republic in West Africa, capital Accra

R. Earnest

S. Rubbish; nonsense; disreputable persons

T. Ignis fatuus (comp.)

U. Made angry

V. Stravinsky ballet (4 Fr. wds.)

W. "A ____," the Walrus said,/"is what we chiefly need" (3 wds., *Through the Looking-Glass)*

X. Shows enthusiasm, liveliness, etc.

Y. Only (2 wds.)

Z. Nihilistic art movement, c. 1916–22

WORDS

116 141 151 160 189 46 67 79 23 51 93

108 183 125

15 50 176 201

30 107 118 165 136 81

91 100 169 4 32

97 120 188 28 135 1 24 152 171

173 39 87 148 103

78 140 166 202 147 94 101 127 130 153 194 115

164 16 190 52 196 74 62 9

13 137 98 84 168 3 45 36 155 49 175 182

170 121 193 186 134 57 44 42 71 8 105

142 21 185 162 63 37 177 114 5 77 149

31 150 144 68 106 26 206 47 88 200

66 41 124 156

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 102* appears on page 28.

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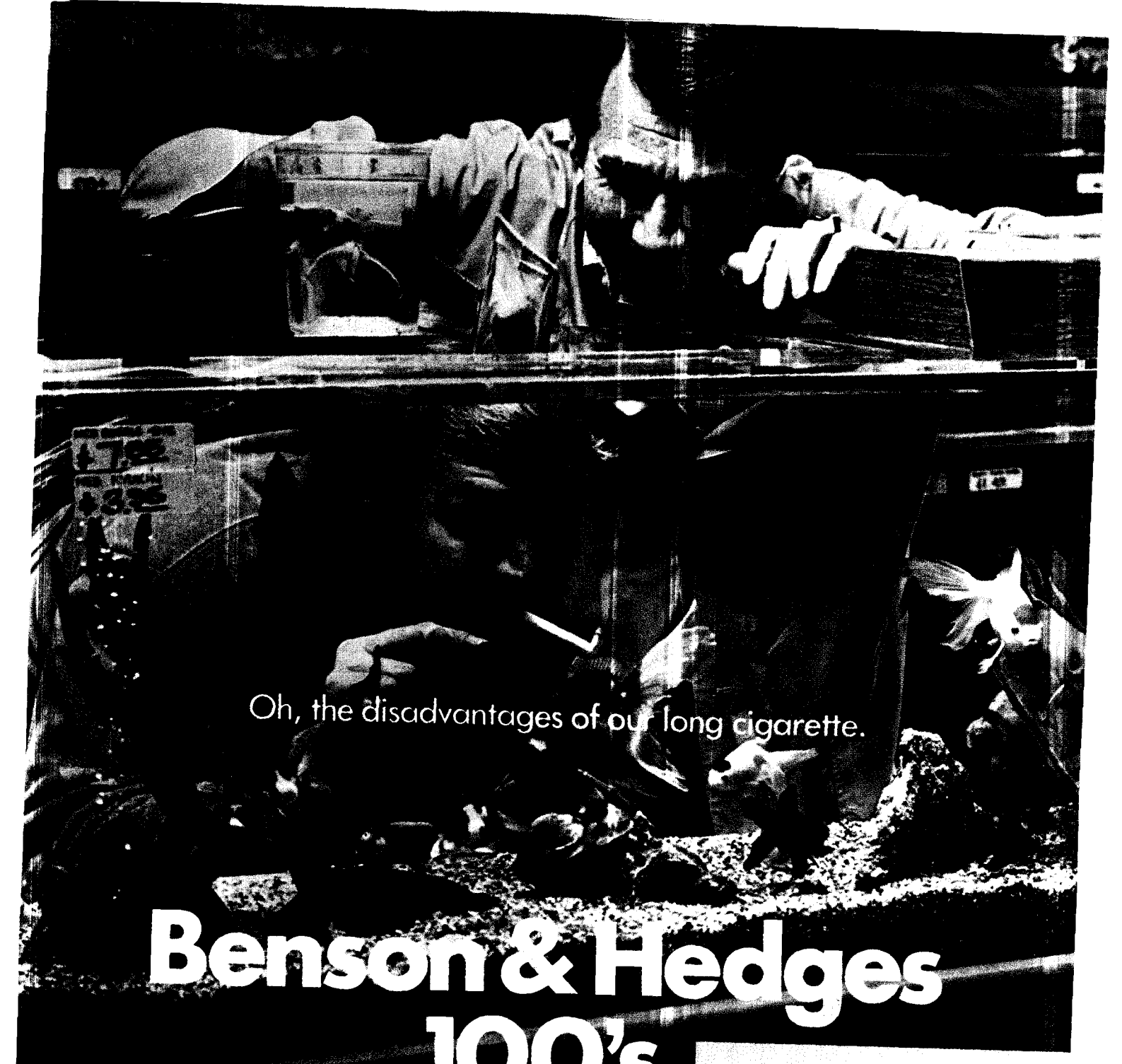

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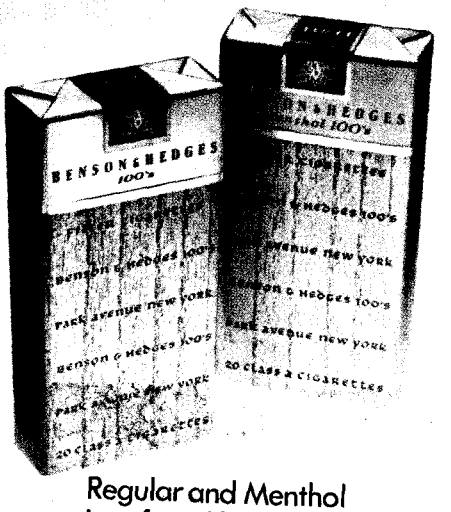
av. per cigarette — hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette — soft pack, FTC Report, Apr. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Regular and Menthol
in soft and hard pack

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